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THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A Historical Romance

OF

FRANCE AND THE SWISS CANTONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

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CHAPTER XII.

PIERRE BART A PRISONER.

Morning dawned over Liege in dismal clouds, and a cold fog; but the lowering aspect of the skies was little thought of by the discomfited insurgents. A weightier matter filled their minds, in the apprehension of terrible vengeance to be taken by their angry suzerain on the rebellious vassals who had dared, not only to rise against his authority, but to enter into league with his enemy, the King of France. Gathering betimes in the market-place, the foreboding citizens told their fears to one another, as they conversed in detached groups, while numbers thronged the walls, gazing out upon the camp of Charles, which occupied all the surrounding heights and stretched below the city, where the united streams of the Ourt and the Meuse flowed darkly from beneath the walls. Some clambered to the tops of their lofty houses, and thence looked forth despondingly, while others repaired to the town-hall, with weapons still determinedly grasped, and counselled among themselves whether it were not better to die sword in hand, defending their town, rather than await the mercy of their conqueror.

In the great quadrangle of the ancient Town Hall, the principal citizens met, at an early hour, to consider upon the best course of action. Many there were, stern-visaged men who had taken part in the battle and seen their leader fall, who still kept gallant heart, and avowed their belief that the town might hold out even against Charles of Burgundy, till such time as General Chabannes, the Count of Dammartin, who commanded the French allies from Champagne, could advance and bring them succor. But the greater number, terrified by the defeat of the previous day, and possessed with a great dread of the Duke's well-known disposition to punish cruelly those who long disputed his authority, advised an instant surrender of the city's keys, and the casting of themselves upon the clemency of their victorious Prince. The controversy was soon decided by the appearance of a terror-stricken messenger from the French General Chabannes, who had succeeded in reaching the city after escaping the vigilance of the besiegers, and who reported that the Count Dammartin, on learning the disastrous termination of the battle of St. Tron, had immediately halted his army, and was now retreating to the borders of Champagne. This intelligence struck the Liegois with consternation, as it left them entirely at the mercy of Charles,—their only hope of making any terms having rested on the presumed neighborhood of Dammartin's troops. The retreat of the French General satisfied even the hardiest that no reinforcements could be looked for from that quarter. Liege saw herself at the mercy of Burgundy, and at once deputed three hundred citizens to wait on Charles, barefooted and in their shirts, and present to him the keys of the city, in token that his repentant subjects surrendered at discretion.

"By St. Andrew!" exclaimed the Duke, as he beheld the humbled citizens upon their knees; "ye do well, rebels and traitors, to cast yourselves on my mercy. But I will take care that your teeth be drawn, at least for the present."

The Duke then ordered twenty fathoms of the city wall to be straightway demolished—the ditch which encompassed the town to be filled up—and the towers and ramparts levelled with the ground. Not content with this, determined that the insurgents should remember their treason, Charles imposed a fine of one hundred and twenty thousand florins, deprived the city of its artillery, its banners, and its tradesmen's guilds, and finally compelled every inhabitant to stand, with head uncovered, at the door of his dwelling, holding in his hand a lighted torch, while himself, in his robes of state, and sword drawn like a conqueror, entered at the head of his army, and proceeded to the market-place, where, as a last indignity, he commanded a great column of copper, which marked the spot, to be taken down and carried away to Bruges.

It was a brilliant, though terrible night, to the unhappy Liegois, to behold the fierce Duke, against whom they had vainly risen, now riding haughtily through the streets, while they lighted, with depressed torches, his triumphal progress.

During all this time—while the battle between the Burgundian Prince and his revolted subjects was transpiring, and the subsequent surrender of Liege placed Flanders once more at the foot of Charles the Rash—one unfortunate publican Pierre Bart remained in strict durance, and a prey to every kind of fear. Gagged and roughly fastened to a cart, without power to move hand or foot, he had passed the dismal hours of early day preceding the engagement of St. Tron, until at length the sound of artillery announced to those who guarded him that the armies were in conflict. The poor inn-keeper's mouth was swollen and bleeding, from the gag which had been thrust between his teeth, his limbs were galled with the cords, and his whole frame stiffened by cold, when, after six hours of suffering, a man-at-arms drew near, and removing the gag with an oath, tendered his lips a draught of sour wine.

"Wer't not that our lord, the Duke, designs thee to be tortured," said the scowling soldier, as he proffered the beverage, "I would even let thee perish here for thy dastard treachery. Nevertheless, we shall hear thee howl, when the rack stretches thee, *maudit!*"

"In the name of our Blessed Lady, soldier! I ask what crime have I committed?"

"Maledictions! dost still deny what our lord, the Duke, hath charged upon thee? What, *maudit!* did'st not give thine own hostelry to the flames to burn our lord of Burgundy?—ay, and to signal the base tradesmen of Liege to attack our camp?"

"As I am a Christian man I am innocent of this great crime," cried the publican. "Ay, guiltless—so be God my judge—as the child unborn of woman!"

"Who, then, was the incendiary?"

"Upon my soul I know not."

"Ah! we shall see to that, but the Duke will make thee confess. By my faith, I have seen as stubborn knaves as thou art, and at last—ay, at the last, the truth came from them. Wait, my master, till thy thumbs be screwed, and thy legs wrenched from their sockets, or the breath choked in thy belly by the weight of great stones. Ay! these be the arguments for traitors and murderers after all. Well! hast drunk enough?"

The soldier again proffered the flask of sour wine to Pierre Bart, but the wretched publican could scarcely swallow a drop, so swollen were his lips. Yet, as the soldier turned away, he made another effort to speak, though every word cost him pain.

"For the love of heaven go not till thou hast answered me one question—since I cannot convince thee I am innocent of this foul deed!"

"Speak, then! 'Tis not me that thou hast to convince, but our lord, the Duke! But—what is thy question?"

"Thou wert at the hostelry when the flames broke out?"

"That was I, knave—when our lord, the Duke, burst open the door of the chamber with a battle-axe—else had he perished like the rats in the vaults, mayhap!"

"The vaults! hah! who perished? Speak!"

"Art mad, *maudit?* It is not thy fault, truly, that our lord, the Duke, escaped!"

"But—" Pierre Bart strove to raise his head that he might catch a glimpse of the soldier's face; for his position, fastened as he was to the cart, prevented him from seeing his interlocutor. "Did none perish? were all saved?"

"I have heard of none that were burned," replied the guard, "though, as I said before, it was not thy fault, but their fortune that all were not consumed—knights, nobles, and men-at-arms in the stables."

"Thou wert, then, in the stables?"

"Of a truth was I; and dreaming quietly of my wife's cot in Picardy when the bugle of my lord, the Duke, rattled in mine ears like Gabriel's trumpet, which, I doubt not, will call thy treacherous soul to account ere my lord, the Duke, is done with questioning thee!"

"And thou wert in the stables?"

"Have I not told thee? But, by St. Dominic! I left them in time, for they were speedily blazing like the devil's bonfire. It was a rat-trap house, methinks, for the flame ran like a wolf from floor to roofing ere one could utter an ave *maria*."

"And all perished—no soul saved!" murmured the publican, with a deep groan. "Oh, God have mercy on them—and on me!"

"What is the knave muttering?" cried the soldier, bending over Pierre Bart. But the publican uttered no more. His eyes closed, and nature, overcome, became insensible. The strong man, succumbing at last to suffering, had fainted in his bonds.

The battle went on, with its changing fortunes—the attack, the repulse, the flight, and the triumph—and through all the hours, occupied in the slaying of men, in close combat and fierce pursuit, Pierre Bart remained unconscious. Night had come, and all was silent around him, when his eyes again opened, to the recognition of objects, and then he found himself no longer fastened to a cart in the forest, but stretched upon some damp straw that was spread upon the ground in one corner of a tent. A fire of pine-knots, blazing just beyond an opening in the canvas, cast its glare within, and disclosed the figures of a half-dozen men-at-arms seated on wisps of straw, and quaffing wine from wooden flagons. Outside the tent, and near the fort, several horses were tethered. Pierre Bart found, too, that his arms were no longer pinioned behind him with the sharp bowstring, but securely fastened to his side by leathern thongs. Relieved by this discovery, he stretched his lower limbs to their length, in order to enjoy the comparative freedom which he now felt, while at the same time he began to recall the incidents that had led to his present position. As he moved, however, the attention of the soldiers was attracted from their wine-cups.

"Ho, publican!" cried one, whom Pierre Bart recognized by his voice to be the same man-at-arms that had conversed with him previously, "art stirring?" and, as he spoke, the soldier rose from his straw wisp, and approached the prisoner, who noticed that he was a tall, and somewhat ungainly, though strongly-built man, with black, good-humored eyes, high cheek-bones, and hair of a reddish hue. He wore the breast-plate and steel cap of a horse-soldier, but around his head-piece was a band of tartan plaid, and a scarf of the same pattern crossed his breast, sustaining a knapsack, or rather pouch, from which protruded the handle of a dagger.

"It is a Scot," said Pierre Bart to himself, as he caught the trooper's glance.

"Ho! publican! knowest how long thou hast slept, or happily, swooned like a woman? Hah, *maudit!*"

"I know but that I am here—and that, the Virgin be praised, ye have loosened somewhat my bonds," answered the inn-keeper, who, in the brief space since his awakening, had decided in his mind the course he should pursue—and as the preliminary resolved to show no symptom of despondency. "And now, sir islander,—for I perceive thou art no more a Frenchman than myself, I will crave of thee a draught of the wine I saw thee quaffing."

The trooper stared a moment, surprised at the confident tone of his prisoner, and then burst into a laugh.

"Hah! knave!" said he, "I fancy thou hast had a good dream—thou takest thy fortune so easily."

"And why not, friend? I am innocent of crime, or its intent, and, please God, shall so justify myself before his grace the Duke. And as thou art a Scot, and I a Swiss, I will drink a flagon of wine to the mountains we love best."

The trooper had listened to the first words of Pierre Bart with a look between amazement and anger at the tone of assurance; but at the concluding request, his countenance changed to a thoughtful cast, and after pausing a moment he walked toward the group of soldiers, and returned with a couple of flagons of the wine they had been drinking.

"Here, Swiss! be thou incendiary or murderer—and now that I see thy face, I must say it belies thee, if thou be either—I will pledge to what thou namest—the mountains we love best!"

A long draught, and the trooper drained his goblet—and as he did so, Pierre Bart fancied he saw a tear fall upon the high cheek bones.

"Now, *maudit!*" muttered the Scot, in a growling tone, as if ashamed of what he had done, "now to sleep again, if thou canst, and disturb us not. To-morrow we enter Liege, and there my lord, the Duke, hath commanded thee to be brought. The Lord have mercy on thee then, I say!"

And with this ominous objurgation the Scotch mercenary resumed his place with his comrades. Pierre Bart, uneasily disposing his pinioned body, regarded them as they drank awhile, then watched the flickering fire without the tent, and then, turning his face to the darkness, pondered upon his own situation, and strove to shape his experience of the last twenty-four hours into a definite reality, from which to form conclusions as to the uncertain future. He remembered the travellers, who, on the previous morn, had become guests of the "Blue Boar"—he recalled the strange, unhappy lady, and the youthful page, and his parting with the group in the vaults beneath his hostelry. And then—oh, then! the fire—the ruin! Where now were the cold-eyed French noble, his daughter, and the page? "Perished!" murmured Pierre Bart, unconsciously repeating the words of the man-at-arms—"like rats in the vaults."

And Simon Gütt! Ay, Simon, the faithful Switzer, the friend and follower; where now was Simon Gütt?

But continually the publican's thoughts returned to one object. It was the picture of a maiden clinging to an old man, and gazing after a horseman, as he rode away. It was Angela, on the threshold of the mill, holding her uncle's hand, and looking tearfully after Pierre Bart.

Would they ever meet again?

CHAPTER XIII.

BAD NEWS TO THE MILL.

Maitre Jean Schaeffer was awakened early on the morning of the visit of his kinsman, the publican, not as was usual by the disagreeable summons of Mama Babette, but by the tones of a sweet, youthful voice, making the old mill melodious with a matin song. It was Angela who sang, and it was she who met him as he descended from his lodging-room, with a gay laugh and affectionate embrace. The maiden had arisen betimes, proffering such little offices of assistance as the moody Babette would accept from her, and preparing with her little hands, the cakes of meal which made the frugal breakfast of the worthy miller; for the old man was greatly cherished by Angela, who regarded him as a miracle of learning and goodness. And, indeed, the young girl had cause to love Maitre Jean; for, since she could remember, he had been untiring in his kindness towards herself; always ready to ramble with her through the forests, teaching her all he knew of the names of flowers and plants in the fields, and stars in the great blue sky, and a thousand wondrous things concerning birds and fishes, and strange animals and curious people that dwelt in distant quarters of the world. Maitre Jean had travelled many years of his life, picking up foreign tongues, and possessing himself of much lore that, in those days, was unattainable to more than one in a thousand. Indeed, in youth, Jean had received a clerkly training, being the only son of one who kept the library of Basle, and enjoyed opportunities which he profited by to the extent of learning to read and write. Subsequently, inspired by a thirst of adventure, he had while yet a young man travelled in many strange lands, and acquainted himself with the customs and tongues of different people than his own simple-hearted countrymen of the Swiss cantons. Besides all this, Jean had known trouble and affliction, had owned worldly substance, and afterwards lost all he had gained—had wedded a good wife, who bore him children, and then, with her children, died; until, at length, when past the prime of life, Jean Schaeffer settled in Flanders, where his only sister was married to Pierre Bart, a publican, and there, at the mill of St. Tron, in which his brother-in-law had installed him, he had passed fifteen years of his later life, as Maitre Jean, the miller. But during these years, Lisette, the wife of Pierre Bart, had passed away, and now Jean Schaeffer, more than fifty years of age, felt himself alone in the world. Nevertheless, the miller was not of a repining mood, though troubles and experience had given him a cautious habit, and imparted to his character a sort of timidity, which yet was no want of courage. Such was Maitre Jean, a kind and thoughtful gray haired man, and Angela had learned to love him, while she learned with docility all he could reveal to her. Under his teaching the child had early mastered the mysteries of letters, and now could read such books as the miller had collected during his life, with more than the skill of her master. Maitre Jean's library was not a large one; a dozen manuscripts, illuminated by monkish hands, and some by his own, and two or three of the new and quaint books wrought by the marvellous art of "imprinting," then a late discovery, made up a collection in the most secluded room of the mill, which was as great a treasure in the eyes of Angela and the miller, as the same would now be to an antiquarian bibliomaniac.

Maitre Jean quickly responded to Angela's greetings by an affectionate kiss, and then sat beside her, in his great chair, while Mama Babette, more gracious than on the previous evening, sat on the opposite side. Much speculation regarding the fortunes of St. Tron and Liege, and upon the cannonading which they had heard in the night, and upon the soldiers and chiefs at the "Blue Boar," formed the topic of their conversation; but ever and anon they would revert to Pierre Bart, and wonder if he were busy in this or that duty at the inn.

No neighbor came in during the day—for the peasants, alarmed at the approach of contending armies, had mostly taken shelter in the neighboring fortified towns, and Franz, by the miller's command, remained at home in the mill. Thus passed the hours till noon, and even till the long shadows betokened the approach of another night, when Maitre Jean expressed his wonder that Pierre Bart did not return. "Yet, truly," he added, the next instant, observing Angela's look of alarm, "he is pressed, without doubt, by many guests at the inn. I know full well the customs of those roystering men of war—they are ever loud and frequent in their calls for service."

THE SCOT AND THE SWISS.

"But, dear Maitre Jean, my father might send Simon Gütt."

"Ay, darling, but Simon Gütt hath likewise his tasks; and mayhap, Pierre Bart stays for the night, as before.—Without doubt, he will be here anon."

Anon! but they waited, and the hours passed on, later and later in the darkness, till at length midnight found the two watchers sitting before the embers of their fire, the maiden's hand clasped in that of the miller, while she looked up in his face, and sadly murmured, "He will not come to-night."

Maitre Jean and Angela slept little that night, and next morning the servitor Franz was dispatched, on the miller's own horse, to ride to the "Blue Boar," even at the risk of being stopped by the soldiers of Charles; though his master gave him store of cautious instructions as to his behavior and the road. No accident, indeed, happened to Franz, but towards noontime he returned, pale and trembling.

"Well, Franz? what—speak, man; what ails thee?" cried the miller, growing pale in his turn.

"Ah, Franz!—my father? Where is he?" exclaimed Angela, wringing her hands.

"There is no 'Blue Boar!' alas!" returned Franz, ominously shaking his head. And then, to the hurried questions of the maiden and his master, the serving-man answered with a fearful tale, how he had ridden through the forest, and met no soul till he reached the spot where once stood the inn; how he found it burned to the ground, the ruins still smoking, as they lay heaped together; how he called aloud, and rode round the naked wall, receiving no response; until, at last, he saw a terrible sight—the body of a man tied to a scorched tree near the ruined tavern gates, his naked back and limbs all cut and flayed, with great wounds that laid open the bone; how he had recognized this poor man as one of the grooms that had served in Pierre Bart's stable—

Here Franz stopped, shuddering at the recollection.

"And what told he thee? Speak, Franz," cried the miller.

"Alas! master, he could not speak, because he was stone dead," returned Franz, with a look of horror.

"Oh, me! oh, Virgin! where is my poor father?" murmured Angela. Franz only shook his head. He had no more to tell, for the sight of the wretched groom, scourged to death, had driven him back to the mill, swiftly as horse could bear him.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE REVENGE OF A PRINCE.

"Bring hither the villain who fired his own house in the hope of destroying us!" cried Charles of Burgundy, as he sat next day in the great chair of the town-hall of Liege, his ducal crown upon his head, and a furred robe with the cross of St. Andrew upon its front, covering his coat of mail. "Bring hither the traitor—that he be confronted with these rebel citizens. I trow we shall find work for the haugman ere long!"

Charles glanced around with a smile to his own chiefs, and a withering frown as his eyes fell upon the long line of humbled citizens of Liege, who, clad in their civic robes, stood, with down-cast looks, awaiting the pleasure of the fierce Lord of Burgundy. The triumphal entree of Charles had occupied the morning, and now the magistrates of the city had been summoned before the judgment seat of their offended Prince.

"Bring hither the traitor!" and at the mandate repeated without the hall, a stir was noticeable at the great doors, and presently Pierre Bart, guarded by two archers, was led into the ducal presence. The publican turned pale when he found himself made to kneel before the angry-visaged Prince, but preserved a calm demeanor, permitting not his eyes to fall before the frown of Charles.

"Thou art brought hither, fellow, that the instigators of the deed which thou did'st perpetrate may, through thy confession, be brought to justice. Speak, slave! and preserve thy wretched life!"

The Duke uttered these words in a terrible voice, expecting to behold the inn-keeper prostrate himself at once to reveal whatsoever he knew. But, to his astonishment, and that of all his lords, the accused remained silent, kneeling with his eyes lifted to the angry face that threatened him.

"Hah! art dumb? By St. George! it were well thy tongue wagged shortly, or there be those who will make thee cry out, were thy throat split. Speak instantly—who are thy accomplices in this matter? Look about thee, and without fear name the false loons, though they be the highest heads of this rebel town of Liege."

"I am a Switzer!" replied Pierre Bart, in a measured voice. "And, albeit my condition hath been humble as a servant of other men; yet, with a halter round his neck, and kneeling like a caitiff serf, I hold that no true Switzer should speak—even to the Emperor!"

A murmur of wrath ran through the circle of Burgundians who overheard this bold speech, and Charles himself was so amazed that he opened his eyes in a wide stare at the prisoner. Then, as if amazed at the publican's fool-hardiness, he laughed loudly, and exclaimed,

"Up, then, my treacherous host, and stand, if thou canst, before thy Prince. Up! we give thee thy Swiss will, but let no lie come from thy mouth, knave!"

It was easy to perceive that Pierre Bart was thoroughly roused in spirit by the accusations which were so liberally heaped upon him. His broad breast heaved fast, and the usual ruddy hue of his cheek had given place to an ashy pallor. But it was likewise apparent that no fear actuated the man, for his eye blanched not, neither did his hand, which he now raised, tremble in the least. On the contrary, he returned the gaze of Charles with an undaunted glance, and elevating his arm, as if in appeal to heaven, said solemnly:—

"Charles de Bourgogne! by the grace of God, Duke of this realm of Flanders! I, a free Swiss man, have upheld your cause, and spoken well of you at all times. For the charge made against me—that I did fire mine own house to peril the life of my guest, or to beacon foemen to compass his destruction, I do deny it, and offer my body against mine accuser, whosoever he be—proclaiming him perjured and forsworn unless he make good the foul charge, whether he be man-at-arms or squire!"

"*Or Duke!*" said Charles, as soon as the publican had concluded his bold defence; "or Duke, thou villain!—for it is I, Charles of Burgundy, who have accused thee of this crime!"

"Let the wretch be dragged at once to torture!" cried a noble, stepping forward, his hand upon his sword, and his eyes glaring upon the inn-keeper.

"Patience, my lord of Campo Basso!" said the Duke, quietly, motioning back the dark-featured Italian, who had drawn his sword in apparent anger. "This free-spoken Swiss knows that I am one of great forbearance and long sufferings; yet, in truth, it were too much—what say you, my lords, shall the Duke of Burgundy accept the challenge of this knight of the 'Blue Boar?' Hah!"

A burst of scornful laughter broke from the nobles, and then Charles turned, with a fierce look to the inn-keeper.

"I give thee till the sun sets, publican, to consider whether thou hadst better confess thy crime, and reveal the names of those who set thee on!" said the Duke, sweeping the line of Liegois citizens with his withering glance; "and that thy memory may be refreshed, meantime we will e'en have thy blood made to circulate. Ho Maitre Francois! let the knave be taken hence and scourged!"

"Scourged!" exclaimed the Switzer—a bright flush mounting to his cheeks, as he made an effort to approach the Duke. But the archers seized him quickly, and in a moment more dragged him from the audience-chamber to the great square court-yard of the town-hall, where a crowd of white-faced people of Liege, kept from entering by Burgundian pikes, were waiting anxiously the fate of their friends arraigned before the Duke. Francois, a wiry and sallow-faced *maitre d'armes* accompanied the archers, as they hurried their prisoner to the centre of the square, where a column of stone, with a ring-bolt at its foot, denoted the spot where contumacious offenders were customarily scourged into a condition of obedience.

Pierre Bart remained as in a stupor, while the archers, directed by Maitre Francois, proceeded to divest him of his clothing, until he stood naked and shivering before the crowd of citizens, servitors and soldiers, who filled the quadrangle. Many faces of the former were familiar to the inn-keeper, but if the owners of them felt pity in their hearts for his misfortunes, there was no outward token shown, for terror of the Burgundians controlled them all. The publican was unresistingly made to kneel at the foot of the stone pillar, and his arms embracing it closely, both hands were bound together. The *maitre d'armes* then beckoned to his side a gigantic follower, who performed in general the duty of military executioner, and gave the signal for flagellation. Pierre Bart felt, then, for the first time, the blow of a scourge upon his flesh.

"And now, ye rebel tradesmen!" cried Charles, after the publican had been forced out, "I know that ye are plotting, even now, some future scheme of treason. My Lord Campo Basso, did not this Swiss boor who fired his house, receive in secret, and dismiss suddenly, some one or more of these rebel burghers, ere yet we occupied his hostelry?"

"I did order one of the traitor's grooms to be scourged till he confessed as much," replied the Italian, with a sinister glance at the citizens "and the fellow acknowledged that certain citizens harbored with this publican, and departed suddenly, alarmed by our approach."

"Hear ye that? Hear ye that?" demanded Charles of the dismayed citizens. "What have ye now but to confess?"

"Most noble Duke," ventured one of the citizens, "it is impossible that citizens of Liege can answer such accusations, when, in truth, some rash man may have been guilty. If your Highness would permit the groom to be brought hither, and confronted with us all, then if there be one among us guilty, let him suffer."

"Hah! by St. George, that is just!" cried Charles. "My Lord Campo Basso, let the slave be brought before us!"

"It is impossible!" answered the Italian, with a malicious smile. "The wretch died, while yet they scourged him!"

"By St. Dominic! that is not well!" muttered the Duke. "Nevertheless," he added, as he fancied he discovered a movement of satisfaction on the part of the Liegois, "the slave's death shall not save ye! Away! and let your rebel townsmen know—that Charles of Burgundy demands from Liege, twenty of her noblest heads to fall ere set of sun!"

With these appalling words the fierce Duke arose, and turned from the wretched citizens, who had flung themselves upon their knees, with outstretched hands. The Italian count, Campo Basso, glanced malevolently at their appealing countenances, and said, scornfully,

"Cast lots, my masters! 'Twill be your best way of choosing the twenty tradesmen! Get ye *Lo your dice!*"

And with a laugh at this sally, the other nobles and knights followed their master from the council room to an inner apartment, leaving the despairing burghers to bear the *fiat* of their conqueror to the assembled *citizens* without. This the Liegois slowly proceeded to do, descending with bowed head the stair steps which conducted to the court-yard, and walking in grave silence through the crowd which silently made a path for them. Thus they crossed the square, lifting their gaze a moment to behold the naked form of a man chained to the scourging pillar—his flesh bloody and quivering beneath the blows of the executioner, his hair wet with sweat covering his face. They knew this wretched man was Pierre Bart, who had been host of the "Blue Boar." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1857.

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Subscribers who find a difficulty in getting anything under a five dollar note to remit, should bear in mind that we send the paper three years for five dollars. All should also remember that in times like these, it is better to subscribe to an old and firmly established paper like THE POST, which a "crisis" in the money market scarcely affects, than to papers of a more transient and less reliable character.

WALKING STICKS.

The use of some support for the wearied limbs of the traveller, or to sustain the tottering steps of age, is so natural, that walking sticks or staves must have been in use even among the antediluvian patriarchs. We can easily figure to ourselves the venerable Methuselah, leaning upon his staff, and lecturing his youthful grandsons of only seven hundred and fifty years or thereabouts, for their boyish indiscretions; or our great progenitor, sitting upon some grassy bank, in the evening of his days, and propping his chin upon his cane, as he related with the garrulity of age the story of *that* apple, "the sad cause of all our woe."

The earliest use of the staff noticed by the sacred writers, is the reference to it in the remark of Jacob, Gen. xxxii. "With my staff I pass over this Jordan;" that it was a mark of distinction, and that men of wealth were recognized by peculiarities in their staves, may be inferred from the narrative of Judah's misconduct, Gen. xxxviii. The earliest allusion to it by profane writers occurs in the famous riddle of the Sphynx, solved by Œdipus. "There is an animal," thus ran the riddle, "which goes upon four feet in the morning, upon two at noon, and upon three in the evening, and its strength decreases with the increase of the number of its feet." The reply of Œdipus was, in substance, that man, in infancy, crawled upon his hands and feet, in manhood walked uprightly, and in old age supported his tottering steps with a staff.

The rod or staff of Moses, which, in his hands, worked such wonders, indicates another use of this instrument to which allusion is often made by Homer. The sceptre-staff of Achilles, and of Agamemnon, are often spoken of, and were regarded as sacred.

The sculptures of Egypt and of Nineveh bear evidence of the use of the staff as an indication of authority. It is found in the hands of high officers of state, and in many instances the figure carved at the head of the staff seems to indicate the particular rank of the bearer. Among the Egyptians the lotus-flower head was the emblem of priestly dignity.

The material used for the staff was different in different countries. In Greece, the narthex, or stem of the giant-fennel, from its lightness and strength was a favorite article. In Egypt several species of reed were used for the same purpose; and their weakness and insecurity were made emblems of the insincerity and fickleness of Egypt itself.

The *Bourdon* or Pilgrim's staff was a strong and stout stick about five feet in length, shod at the lower end with an iron spike for convenience and security in ascending steep acclivities. About a foot from the top was a large protuberance either natural or artificial upon which the hand of the pilgrim might rest securely. The portion above this protuberance was usually hollow, and used as a receptacle for relics of the saints, and occasionally for articles of more intrinsic value: sometimes this portion of the staff was fashioned into a rude musical instrument. This hollow tube was surmounted by a small hollow globe, and near the top a crook was attached for the purpose of sustaining a gourd-bottle of water. On his return from Palestine, the pilgrim usually fastened a branch of the palm to the top of his staff in token of his accomplished pilgrimage. Saffron and the silkworm were both brought into England in the hollow of the pilgrim's staff. Money was often carried in the same way. At the present day, weapons, medicines, small telescopes, instantaneous light apparatus, &c., are not unfrequently concealed in the hollow of a cane.

The *Alpenstock*, which is deserving of special notice from its frequent mention by travellers is a stout pole about six feet in length, with an iron spike at one end, and a chamois horn at the other. It is indispensable in Alpine travel, both in aiding the traveller to balance himself, and in enabling him to climb with safety.

The use of canes as ornamental appendages to men of rank, seems to have been introduced into England about the beginning of the sixteenth century. Almost all the full length portraits of the nobility of that century, represent them as carrying heavy canes, mounted and richly adorned with gold. There is in the British museum a manuscript inventory of the contents of the royal palace at Greenwich, taken at the death of Henry VIII., in which among other entries are the following: "A cane garnished with sylver and gilte with Astronomie upon it. A cane garnished with golde, having a perfume in the toppe; under that a diall, with a pair of twitchers and a pair of compasses of golde: and a foot rule of golde, a knife and a file of golde, with a whetstone tipped with golde." Rather a heavy burden, one would think, even for the gigantic Bluebeard to carry.

In the seventeenth century, when luxury and extravagance were rife in everything, canes were the "particular vanity" of the French, and immense sums were expended in procuring the choicest materials and the most costly decorations for them: and England, which for centuries refused to imitate France in anything, except her follies, was not slow in copying the fashion of her walking sticks. The kind most highly prized were made of choice specimens of marble or agate, richly veined or *clouded*. These were very slender, and mounted with silver, gold, amber, or precious stones. The allusions to these in the works of the popular writers of the day, are very abundant. Pope, in his Rape of the Lock, describes

> "Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
> And the nice conduct of a clouded cane."

And Gay, in "The Van," enumerating the contents of a fashionable gentleman's wardrobe, says,

> "Here clouded canes midst heaps of toys are found,
> And inlaid tweezer cases strew the ground."

The most humorous description of these fashionable follies, however, is found in the Tattler for Dec. 6, 1709, said to have been the joint production of Addison and Steele. Isaac Bickerstaff there represents himself as issuing licenses and regulations for the beaux of the time, as to the carrying of "canes, perspective glasses, orange flower waters, and the like ornaments of life." The respective parties were licensed to carry walking sticks, provided they did not walk with them under the arm, nor brandish them in the air, nor hang them on a button. One of the petitioners desired permission to retain his cane, because it had become as indispensable to him "as any other of his limbs," and because "the knocking of it upon his shoe, leaning one leg upon it, or whistling upon it with his mouth, are such great reliefs to him in conversation, that he does not know how he should be good company without it." He is thereupon ordered to bring this invaluable article to the inspector for examination, and it is found to be "very curiously clouded, with a transparent amber head, and a blue ribbon to hang it on his wrist."

In the latter part of the last century, ladies advanced in life were in the habit of carrying walking sticks, five or six feet in length, made of wood, ivory, whalebone or green glass, very slender, mounted with gold, and terminating at the top with a shepherd's crook. It was customary to manufacture these in such a way as to give them a twisted appearance throughout.

About the commencement of the present century, two sorts of canes were carried by the fashionable young men, a short bamboo cane, with a crook at the top, and a stout, warty, or knotted stick, frequently of some peculiar or grotesque form. Another kind of walking sticks, which have always had a certain degree of popularity, are those having the heads carved in curious forms, in imitation of human or animal faces, or those of imaginary creatures. These probably originated with the fool's or jester's bauble, in the middle ages, which was a short stick surmounted with a fool's head or puppet.

In the latter part of the last century, there lived at Kinveraigie, Scotland, a Scotchman named James Robertson, but better known as "the daft Highland laird," who, possessing some talent in carving, and a very eccentric disposition, was accustomed to carve in wood effigies of the heads of both friends and enemies, (the latter in caricature,) and fasten them upon the top of his walking stick. He finally changed these daily, and his friends were accustomed to inquire when they met him, "Wha has ye up the day, laird?" to which he would reply by giving the name of the person and his reason for selecting him.

The habit of carrying weapons concealed in canes has become prevalent within a few years past, and the markets are now supplied with sword-canes, spear-canes, pistol-canes, &c.; a very foolish practice—for nothing conduces more surely to street affrays, bar-room fights, and bloody rencontres, than the practice of carrying concealed weapons. Walking sticks have been contrived to supply other wants of the traveller or the artist, but they will hardly come into general use. Among these ingenious but practically useless contrivances, we have seen umbrella canes, and canes which could be transformed into a camp-stool, an artist's easel, or a chair.

The variety of substances which have been used for the manufacture of walking sticks is almost infinite, and they have been taken in almost equal quantities from the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral kingdoms. Articles apparently utterly wanting in adaptation to this purpose, have, under the manipulation of skillful and ingenious hands, been manufactured into canes of great beauty.

There are, nevertheless, certain materials which the manufacturer, in making canes for a general market, greatly prefers. These are, among the woods, from *Europe*, blackthorn, crab—especially the warted crab—maple, ash, oak, beech, orange tree, cherry tree, furze tree, cork tree, and Spanish reed, *(arundo donax.)* These are mostly cut toward the end of autumn.

The *West Indies* furnish the supple jack, pimento, cabbage, orange, and lemon tree, coffee shrub, Indian briar, grandilla, lignum vitæ, rosewood, cocoa-nut, and other palms.

From the *East Indies* are procured several species of calamus or climbing palm, known in trade as rattans, dragons and Penang lawyers; numerous species of bambusa, known as white and black bamboos, wangees, jambees, and dog-head canes; ground rattans, Malaccas and dragons—the last mainly from Singapore.

The *United States* contribute maple, hickory, wild cherry, ironwood or hornbeam, oak, vine branches, palmetto, &c. Other materials used by the manufacturers are rhinoceros' hide and horns, whalebone, horn, tortoise shell, ivory, bone, whales' rib, the horn of the narwhal, caoutchouc, especially in the form of protean, gutta percha, shark's spine, steel, iron, and copper.

In the manufacture of the walking stick, there are quite a number of processes necessary. If the material is of any of the forest woods, it is usually purchased with the bark on, and hence requires *peeling*. This is readily accomplished by boiling the stick for a couple of hours, when the bark will yield readily to the finger nail.

It is next to be *straightened*. This is effected by plunging it in a *dry sand* bath, till it is softened, and then putting one end in a deep notch in a stout plank, and bending it in different directions till it becomes perfectly straight; even the bamboos generally undergo this process. If the cane is to have a crook at the top, this is produced by plunging it in *hot, damp sand*, when it speedily loses its elasticity, and can be bent into any shape, and will retain the form given it when it becomes cold. It is then *fashioned*, carved, or ornamented, according to the fancy of the manufacturer, and stained, or charred, scraped, polished or colored, to meet the demand of the prevailing fashion.

The ferule and the head, where they are required, are next applied. The ferule is usually of brass, with a cast iron tip, and is attached by one or more rivets. The head is a matter of more moment. Gold, silver, carved ivory, tortoise shell, horn, precious stones, the feet and hoofs of fawns, baked, and trimmed with silver, and a great variety of other matters, are used for this purpose. Often the skill of the carver is exerted in these ornaments, and some of the finest specimens of carving in ivory in existence, are used for the garniture of the walking stick. The principal seats of this manufacture are London, Hamburg, Berlin, and Vienna. In Paris, too, there are considerable manufactories of the finer qualities. In this country the trade has not been prosecuted to a very great extent, though there are some manufactories which are gradually increasing their business.

The largest manufacturer of these articles in the world, is H. C. Meyer, of Hamburg. He employs over 300 people in that city, and has also a branch establishment in New York. Like most of the other manufacturers of walking sticks, he is an Israelite. Another manufacturer in London, also of the name of Meyer, sells annually about 600,000 walking sticks of different styles. The production of canes in Paris, by all the makers, is estimated at $800,000 per annum. The extent to which the bamboo and calamus are used for this purpose may be estimated from the fact that the export from the port of Canton (China), alone, in 1846, was 1,200,000 sticks.

The immense consumption of such an an article of mere luxury is but an indication of the rapidly increasing wealth of the world.

MAIL ROBBERIES.

A Mr. Tuckerman has been recently detected as the perpetrator of several very considerable robberies of the mail on the route between New York and Boston. The entire letter mails, on several occasions, were abstracted. These valuable mails, it appears, are carried in a car into which various loungers and smokers are admitted—and Mr. Tuckerman, by a profuse distribution of first-quality segars, managed to blind the employees of the road, and commit his depredations almost unsuspected by them.

The people of this country find great amusement in Mr. Dickens's pictures of the imbecility and corruption of certain English officials—but what do they think of the practice of carrying such valuable mail matter in a kind of baggage and smoking car?

The English have a system of Post Office drafts, by which money can be remitted in small amounts, with perfect safety, from one end of the kingdom to the other. Why cannot we have such a system in this country? It would save thousands of dollars yearly to the publishing fraternity alone.

It is well for our national pride that we have no Dickens in this country.

"NO MAN SHALL BE PUT TWICE IN JEOPARDY FOR THE SAME OFFENCE."—According to the "Law Times," a periodical published in London, this ancient maxim of the English law has at length been completely abrogated. Little by little has this maxim been pared away, in the desire of the courts to do justice to offenders, until at length, by a late decision, there is nothing left of it.

For one, we are not sorry that this ancient principle has been abrogated. While no one could approve of a vexatious system of prosecution and re-prosecutions, unsupported by additional proof, neither does it comport with justice and reason, that a criminal who has escaped conviction from a lack of evidence against him, should be allowed to go thereafter unpunished, notwithstanding the discovery of testimony making his criminality clearly apparent. The great end of the law should be justice—and justice seems to us to demand the abrogation of the maxim in question, at the same time that it also demands the exercise of a sound discretion in the courts, so that prosecutions of a merely vexatious character may be discouraged.

A MAGAZINE AND A NEWSPAPER COMBINED.—Such is THE POST, and those wishing to study economy, cannot do better than subscribe for it, and save the price of a magazine. If you subscribe for a magazine you have no news—if for a mere newspaper no literary matter—but in subscribing for THE POST you get a reasonable supply of both.

DUGANNE AND GRACE GREENWOOD.—Owing to the late period at which Mr. Duganne's novelet was received, "THE RAID OF BURGUNDY" necessarily will run over into the new year.

Grace Greenwood informs us that her story of "FOUR IN HAND" is nearly finished. We regret that sickness prevented its completion in time to be presented to our readers during the present year—but such casualities are beyond human control. The "FOUR IN HAND" therefore necessarily must go over till 1858.

In compensation for the above, our readers must give us credit for two excellent stories not announced in our programme—Captain Reid's spirited novelet, "THE WAR TRAIL," and Miss Blackwell's graphic and interesting picture of English country life in "THE HAUGH AND THE UPLANDS"—to say nothing of other shorter stories.

We make this explanation in justice to ourselves, though as we hope that our readers, almost without exception, have made up their minds for another year's cruise with us through 1858, it may not be greatly needed.

OUR NEW TYPE.—Our readers, we think, will like the type we now use upon the paper, on account of its size and legibility. We found the smaller-faced type that we used about a year ago, so hard on our own eyes, in reading the proofs, that we were very glad to give it up. Our present type seems to us about the proper medium—and to it we expect to adhere. The eyes are too important organs to be trifled with.

AUTUMN WOODS.

> Ah, 'twere a lot too blest
> Forever in thy colored shades to stray;
> Amidst the kisses of the soft south-west
> To rove and dream for aye.
>
> And leave the vain low strife,
> That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power,
> The passions and the cares that wither life,
> And waste its little hour. —*Bryant.*

☞ To appreciate a free country, you must travel in a despotic state. It is like coming into the open air, after visiting a prison.

☞ If a person does something badly, which we expected him to do well, we are apt to say that "we could have accomplished it." There are few phrases which show a greater amount of modesty.

☞ Whoever lends life with unnecessary scruples, provokes the attention of others to his conduct, and incurs the censure of singularity without reaping the reward of superior virtue.

☞ The Albany Knickerbocker cautions four black cats that are continually serenading in the back shed, that there is a sausage shop two doors to the right.

☞ A man who is willing to take another's opinion, has to exercise his judgment in the choice of whom to follow, which is often as nice a matter as to judge of the thoughts themselves.

☞ To ascertain whether a woman is passionate or not, take a muddy dog into the parlor.

☞ A happy comment on the annihilation of time and space by locomotive agency, was uttered by a little child, who rode fifty miles in a railroad train, and then was taken in a coach to her uncle's house, some five miles further on. Being asked on her arrival if she came by the train, she said. "We came a little way in the train, and all the rest of the way in a carriage."

☞ The effects of an over night's spree, Alexander Smith, the poet, thus portrays:

> "I often sat
> At those wild drinking bouts, which seem'd divine
> In a great flash of wit—and rose next morn,
> Throat like the parched Sahara, and each ear
> Loud as a cotton mill!"

☞ Lord Bacon—that great authority in judgment, critical, philosophical, and legal—has told us, that "It is the part of a just judge to take into consideration not only facts, but the times and circumstances of facts."

☞ A secret has been admirably defined to be "anything made known to everybody in a whisper."

☞ A Dutchman thus describes the New Yorkers:—"Fine people," says he, "dey go about der sthreets all day scheating each odder, and dey call dat pusiness."

☞ Sheridan was once taken ill in consequence of a fortnight's continued dining out and dissipation. He sent for Dr. Heberden, who prescribed rigid abstinence, and, calling again soon afterwards, asked his patient if he was attending to that advice. The answer being affirmative—"Right," said the doctor; "'tis the only way to secure you length of days." "I do not doubt it," said Sheridan; "for these three last days since I began have been the longest to me in my life."

☞ Horace Walpole mentions a skeptical *bon vivant* who, being urged to become a Roman Catholic, objected that it was a religion enjoining too many fasts and requiring such implicit faith. "You give us," he observed, "too little to eat and too much to swallow."

> TASK physic, pomp;
> Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
> That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
> And show the heavens more just.
> —*Shakspeare.*

☞ Theodore Hook, in describing a badly-dressed dinner, observed that everything was sour but the vinegar.

☞ The following contains the alphabet:—John P. Brady gave me a black walnut box of quite a small size.

☞ A wise man is never less alone than when he is alone.

☞ "What do you think of whiskey, Dr. Johnson?" hiccoughed Boswell, after emptying a sixth tumbler of toddy. "Sir," said the doctor, "it penetrates my soul like the still small voice of conscience, and doubtless the worm of the still is the worm that never dies."

☞ Old men go to death. Death comes to young men.

☞ A French statistical writer once took his station near the staircase, at a London ball, for the purpose of ascertaining the proportion of gentlemen who arranged their hair with their fingers before entering the room, and found them average about twenty-nine out of thirty.

☞ Action is the great law—slow, steady, long-continued action is the grand appointment—by which all healthful, perfect works are accomplished.—*Labor and Live.*

☞ An editor, speaking of a contemporary, says he "can't bear a natural fool." The latter replies that "unfortunately, his maternal ancestor could."

☞ The charms that fashion lends to woman would be considered positive defects, if nature had given them.

☞ Those whose lot it is to ramble, can seldom write; and those who know how to write, very seldom ramble.

☞ Reputation would be of little worth were it in the power of every concealed enemy to deprive us of it.

☞ All truths are not good to say, but they are good to hear.—*Mme. De Deffant.*

> THE love of gold, that meanest rage,
> And latest folly of man's sinking age,
> Which, rarely venturing in the van of life,
> While nobler passions wage their heated strife,
> Comes skulking last with selfishness and fear,
> And dies collecting lumber in the rear!
> —*Moore.*

☞ A wise man endeavors to shine in himself; a fool to outshine others: the first is humbled by the sense of his own infirmities; the last lifted up by the discovery of those which he observes in others. The wise man considers what he wants, and the fool what he abounds in. The wise man is happy when he gains his own approbation; and the fool, when he recommends himself to the applause of those about him.

☞ Mme. Geoffrier disagreeing once with a literary gentleman, the dispute became very warm, and many high words were exchanged with great acrimony. "How now!" said a mutual friend, stepping between them, "can it be that you are clandestinely married?"

☞ Says Sterne, "The grand error of life is, we look too far, we scale the heavens—we dig down the centre of the earth for systems—and we forget ourselves. Truth lies before us: it is in the highway path, and the ploughman treads on it with clouted shoes."

☞ "John, can you tell me the difference between attraction of gravitation and attraction of cohesion?" "Yes, sir. Attraction of gravitation pulls a drunken man to the ground, and the attraction of cohesion prevents his getting up again."

☞ Very true was the remark of Camden that though he would not say that the English language was as sacred as the Hebrew or as learned as the Greek, yet it was as fluent as the Latin, as courteous as the Spanish, as courtlike as the French, and as amorous as the Italian.

> AN ancient town, a very ancient town,
> With rotten wharves, and quiet, grassy streets,
> And quaint old houses wrinkled in the sun!

☞ It is a custom to bind a thread on one's finger for the sake of remembering anything. This is a very ancient practice, for we read, Deuteronomy, 6. 8, "And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hands, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes."

> WHEN all sins are old in us,
> And go upon crutches, covetousness
> Does but then lie in her cradle.
> —*Decker.*

☞ It is impossible to diminish poverty by the multiplication of goods; for manage as we may, misery and suffering will always cleave to the border of superfluity.—*Jacobi.*

☞ A famous comic actor, named Scholz, has just died at Vienna. He was very aged, having been for an almost impossible number of years on the stage, and his last words were:—"Oh, what a bitter thing it is to die without taking leave of the stage."

☞ The Turks have a proverb that the devil tempts industrious men, but idle men tempt the devil.

> 'Tis strange the miser should his cares employ
> To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy;
> Is it less strange the prodigal should waste
> His wealth to purchase what he ne'er can taste?
> —*Pope.*

☞ A favorite mode of introduction in Brazil is said to be, "This is my friend; if he steals anything from you I am responsible for it."

☞ At the concert lately given at the Court of Vienna in honor of Liszt, the great artist having left his glove on the piano, there was an instantaneous rush to the instrument to obtain possession of the relic. The struggle among the ladies was tremendous, and in the *hazarre* the glove was torn to pieces, but each lady proclaimed herself delighted with the small remnant which fell to her share. One of the Princesses, Waldeck, who captured the top of the thumb, has had it set in the handle of her eyeglass, where, surrounded by brilliants, it excites perpetual envy amongst her unsuccessful rivals.

☞ In a country graveyard, in New Jersey, there is a plain stone erected over the grave of a young lady, with only this inscription upon it:—"JULIA ADAMS, died of thin shoes, April 17, 1839, aged 18."

A COURAGEOUS RAT.—An English paper relates the following anecdote:—"A gentleman, worthy of all credit, and who may be the more readily trusted as his story acknowledges his own defeat, was roused one night by a heavy bumping noise on the stairs. Unable to account for it, he rose, donned his dressing-gown, and with his candle in his hand, proceeded to investigate the cause. Half-way down stairs he perceived a large rat employed in facilitating the descent of a half-loaf by pushing it down from one step to another. Anxious to redeem his property, the owner descended after it. The rat at first continued his exertions, but as the enemy gained upon him, he changed his tactics, and turning his front upwards began to climb towards his opponent. This was just such an intruder as might with all justice have been kicked down stairs; but so stern was his air, and so menacing his aspect, that the gentleman hesitated, and hesitation ended in retreat. His feet being armed only with slippers, he lost heart, and began slowly to ascend backwards; while the rat deliberately mounted after him, and thus steadily drove him back to his bedroom, the door of which he shut in the face of his foe, and terminated the adventure by retiring to bed, while the rat returned to his well-earned booty."

"TRULY YOURS."—To illustrate the assertion of on what slight or erroneous grounds scandalous reports may be based, I know an Italian, who having received a note of invitation from an English lady of irreproachable morals, concluded in the usual way, "truly yours," took it to a friend, to whom he expressed his regret and embarrassment at having unwillingly and unintentionally achieved the conquest of Lady ——'s heart. "Impossible," said his friend, "why, Lady —— is one of the most reserved and correct women in England." "Here is, however, the proof of my assertion," replied the Italian, drawing forth a merely civil invitation to dinner, and exhibited with an air of triumph:—"what say you now, you cannot surely doubt her hand."

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—The Dublin University Magazine says:—"Dictionary English is something very different not only from common colloquial English, but even from that of ordinary written composition. Instead of about 40,000 words, there is probably no single author in the language from whose works, however voluminous, so many as ten thousand words could be collected. Of the 40,000 words there are certainly many more than one half that are only employed, if they are ever employed at all, on the rarest occasions. We should any of us be surprised to find, if we counted them, with how small a number of words we manage to express all that we have to say, either with our lips or even with the pen. Our common literary English probably hardly amounts to 10,000 words; our common spoken English, hardly to 5,000."

SCENTLESS AILANTHUS TREES.—It does not seem to be generally known that the Ailanthus tree is *diœcious*, having the male blossom on one tree, the female on the other; and the male flowers only emit the unpleasant odor which makes those trees objectionable for planting in streets and door-yards. The female trees, besides being free from this objection, are, at this season of the year, loaded with large tufts of bronze colored seed pods, which, in the estimation of most people, are highly ornamental; and as few trees endure the smoke and dust of the cities so well, or make so rapid and fine shade as the Ailanthus, it is to be hoped that nurserymen and others will take pains to propagate the female variety for this purpose.—*Cor. O. Farmer.*

THE CHURCHWARDEN'S OATHS.—An old churchwarden's book of accounts, belonging to the parish of Farringdon, Berks, dated so early as 1518, has the form at that time of admitting churchwardens, in the following words:—Cherchoyewardenys, theys shal be your charge: To be true to God and to the cherche: for love nor for favour off no man wythin thys parriche to withhold any ryght to the cherche, but to reseeve the dettes to hyt belongythe, or else to goo to the Devell!"—*Willis's Current Notes.*

THE last woman who is said to have been publicly whipped in Scotland, was Mary Douglas, in the summer of 1793; and the last man who is known to have been executed in chains, was Andrew Marshall. He suffered for the crime of murder and highway robbery, in October, 1769; and the people were so much annoyed at the manner of his execution, that, without the knowledge or consent of the authorities, they quickly took down the body, and had it decently buried.—*Notes and Queries.*

LOW-NECKED DRESSES.—In the early days of Pennsylvania, it is said there was a law—"that if any white female of ten years old or upward, should appear in any public street, lane, highway, church, court-house, tavern, ball-room, theatre, or any other place of public resort, with naked shoulders (i. e., low-necked dresses,) being able to purchase necessary clothing, shall pay a fine of not less than one, or more than two hundred dollars.

"THAT'S MY THUNDER."—The origin of this phrase was in this wise:—In the reign of Queen Anne, there was a sage and grave critic of the name of Dennis, who, in his old age, got it in his head that he had written all the good plays that were acted at that time. At last a tragedy came forth with a most imposing display of rain and thunder. At the first piece, Dennis exclaimed, "*That's my Thunder.*"

☞ Don't walk fast in the street; you may be suspected of "shinning." Don't look unhappy; you will be suspected of wanting money. To which may be added:—Don't walk slow in the street; the borrowers will overtake you. Don't look happy; you will be suspected of having money.

NEWS ITEMS.

INDUSTRIOUS WOMEN.—One hundred and fifty-two thousand six hundred and forty pairs of woolen socks were knitted by the women of New York in their leisure moments the year 1856. Their cash value was $46,397.

A NUMBER of cotton planters in central Georgia have called a meeting for the purpose of organizing into an association to send their cotton, by means of an agent of their own, direct to Liverpool.

A TOUGH HEAD.—The Calaveras (Cal.) Chronicle states that two "colored gemmen" in that place, who had quarrelled about "a lady," fought in mortal combat. After an exchange of shots the sheriff arrested the parties and carried them to jail, when a pistol bullet was found to have come out and lodged in the wool of one of the combatants, who was quite unaware of having been touched.

THE Fifth Avenuedles, of New York, are making the hard times fashionable by giving "Shanty Parties," at which home-made cake and weak lemonade take the place of hot supper and champagne. It is not considered *bon ton* to be rich, as all affect to be poor—assume a virtue though they have it not.

IN Kanawha county, Va., last week, a young lady sued a gentleman for damages for breach of promise. It was proved in evidence, says the Valley Star, that the young lady was a flirt, and the jury accordingly awarded her *one cent* damage.

AT the State Fair at Stockton, California among the prizes offered was a $50 dress to the best loaf of domestic bread, made by an unmarried lady. As many as a hundred delicious looking loaves were sent in, made principally by young girls. A committee of housewives made the award, giving the premium to Miss Vanvaldenburg, of Stockton. This young lady is but eleven years old.

THE New York municipal election has resulted in the choice of ten Democratic and seven Opposition Aldermen, and seventeen Democratic and seven Opposition Councilmen. Teimann's (Dem.) "Union ticket" majority over Wood (regular Dem.) is about 2,000.

THE Supreme Court of Tennessee, in session at Knoxville, has decided that betting on an election held out of the State is not indictable in Tennessee. Betting on the result of an election in Kentucky, for instance, is not an offence against the laws of Tennessee.

TENNYSON, the poet, is said to be a hopeless victim to the use of opium. Doubtful.

ON a recent trip of the steamer Kentucky from Cincinnati to Maysville, made on a Sunday with 1,300 live hogs, 250 of the swine died, smothered to death by the dense crowd.

WORK FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati (O.) Commercial writing from Springfield, Clarke county, says "There is a good demand here for good hands to husk corn and chop wood. One dollar per day is paid, and fifty cents a cord to wood choppers, and plenty of work. Potatoes 25 cents per bushel, wheat 75 cents, corn 25 cents, pork $3,50 to $4, hay $7,50 per ton."

ORDER RESCINDED.—"The recent mild weather," says the Harrisburg (Pa.) Telegraph of the 1st instant, "has induced the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to rescind their order of letting the water out of the canal to-day, the view of enabling the boats now out to reach their several places of destination. The water in the canal was perfectly free of ice this morning."

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A Monster-Trial.—A Magnificent Funeral.—Coming Events.—Kitchen-Physic (Concluded.)

Paris, November 19, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The journals have been filled, for some weeks past, with the reports of the trial of the notorious band of assassins, robbers, and burners, under the guidance of one Lemaire, mentioned in my letter of Oct. 22 as about to figure at the assizes of the old city of Laon. After the hearing of 210 witnesses this remarkable trial has resulted in the sentence of death upon five of the gang, of hard labor at the hulks for life, and imprisonments varying from eight to twelve years, for the others. The revelations of such a suit afford melancholy evidence of the insufficience and impotence of existing social arrangements, and show how large a number of our fellow-beings, even in communities that consider themselves as christianized and enlightened to a shining degree, are virtually heathens in the darkest sense of that word, brutal, ignorant, selfish, and without the faintest appreciation of the superiority of Right over Wrong.

Since my last, M. Abattucci, Minister of Justice, and one of Louis Napoleon's most unscrupulous tools in the commission of his more private peccadilloes, has suddenly died, to the great regret of his friend and sovereign. The body lay in state for two days, surrounded by all the funeral pomp the Church has invented for her deceased favorites, a long and eulogistic biography of the defunct appeared in the "*Moniteur*," the military turned out in great force for the funeral, which was as magnificent as Church and State finery could make it, and a grand discourse was pronounced over the coffin at the grave. A curious contrast with the simple and unostentatious ceremonial of Gen. Cavaignac's funeral, notwithstanding the turning out of the handful of troops which is *de rigueur* at the burial of a general officer, and at which it was strictly forbidden to pronounce any oration.

The Court is still at Compiègne, and the gaieties of the winter are awaiting their return. A change in the fashions of the fairer half of creation is declared to be imminent, but we are not yet enlightened as to its precise nature. It would appear, however, that hoops are to be thrown overboard: as was indeed, to be expected, now that maids of all-work, and *lorettes* and *grisettes* of every shade, are hanging their draggle-tailed shabbiness over steel circumferences as ample as those of the duchess.

But I must leave this momentous subject to the decision of the autocrats who hold sway over the gowns of Christendom, and return to the doings of the illustrious gastronomer, who was left, in my last, making his way through the streets of the Faubourg St. Denis, with a golden pheasant, carefully wrapped in a newspaper, held safely under his seigneurial arm.

A week previous to his morning visit to the Poultry-market, the Marquis rang at the door of Simon Leblanc. A young woman opened the door. Her face was intelligent and pleasing; her soft, blue eyes, however, had in them an evident expression of sadness, and not a few gray lines silvered her rich chestnut hair, which was still very beautiful. She was the wife of the painter. The Marquis's penetration at once divined the want and suffering that had left their traces on this gentle face.

In few words, and with much kindness of manner, he explained the object of his visit.

"The work I wish to have done," he pursued, "is easy of execution by a painter of your husband's talent, and will be handsomely paid. Do you think he will consent to undertake it?"

The wife seemed to hesitate, and did not reply.

"Two saucers for a prince," he pursued, "and a handful of gold in payment."

She held down her head, too much embarrassed to reply.

M. Simon Leblanc has been mentioned to me as a skillful workman?" resumed the Marquis, puzzled by the woman's silence.

"Skilful?" she answered, looking up quickly, "oh, yes, he is very skillful, there is no doubt about that; but, unfortunately," she added, sadly, "he does not like working."

At this reply, the Marquis looked scrutinizingly round the room, and was struck with the indications of sordid poverty visible in every part of it.

"No, he no longer likes to work," resumed the young woman, who had followed his glance through the room, and seemed to divine his thought. "No doubt this seems very strange to you, as we are so poor; but it is, unfortunately, the simple truth."

As she spoke, her eyes filled with tears.

"Poor child!" murmured the compassionate Marquis.

"Monsieur," said the painter's wife, "you seem to me to have a good heart; and this emboldens me to confide to you the whole truth."

"Say on, madame, say on," responded the Marquis, "I am ready to listen to all that you will tell me."

"My husband," she resumed, "has not always been an idler. When we were first married, he was the best workman to be found. He was spoken of as a model. What I am going to say will seem to you very strange, but it is true, nevertheless. He was made too much of; he was paid too much, and too much petted; it is this that has caused his ruin."

"I confess I do not see how that should have had such an effect," replied the Marquis.

"You will understand it better when I have finished my story, monsieur," she added, wiping her eyes. "The least stroke of work was largely paid. For a day's work he got fifty francs; for a night, he got double. Anybody else would have found in such wages the occasion of making himself a good position in the world; but Simon, earning so easily, began all at once to spend his money quicker than he earned it."

"Could you not interpose to hinder this wastefulness?" interposed the Marquis.

"Ah, monsieur! you do not know how slight is the authority of the wife, in a workingman's household. The more I preached to him, the more he stayed away from home. At last he would only work two days out of the seven, declaring that what he thus gained was enough for our wants; and by degrees, as he got into the way of frequenting the wine-shop, he quite lost all interest in his work."

Here her tears broke forth anew, and caused her to break off her recital.

"But have you, then, lost all your power over your husband? Could you not induce him to listen to reason, at least while you are at table together? Dinner-time is the best moment you can have for suggesting good ideas that might not be so well received at any other time."

"He has ceased, for a long time past, to take his meals at home, monsieur," replied the wife.

"He no longer takes his meals with you! that is, indeed, a very serious symptom. Has he ever told you why he goes elsewhere for his meals?"

"He says the food is not eatable at home."

"In that case he is perfectly right in eating elsewhere."

"But whose fault is it, monsieur, if the food is not good at home? Can you make the spit turn without money? For a long time past he has given me nothing for the expenses of the house, and of course there is nothing in the larder."

"Perhaps a little gentleness on your part would change his feeling."

"I have worn out all my patience in the effort. Reproaches and entreaties are alike thrown away. I have borne with all this unhappiness and misery for three years, and I am determined to do so no longer. I have made up my mind to leave him; and next week I go home to my parents in Brittany. I will work with them, and have no fear but I shall be able to make an honest living."

"What, you mean to give him up altogether?"

"Altogether. Having once left him, I shall never return. Oh, if you knew what I have suffered during these three years!" she added, clasping her hands, and weeping afresh, "you would not wonder at the resolution I have taken."

Here the Marquis rose from his chair, and took the young woman's hand kindly in his.

"Your position is, indeed, a very trying one," said he, "but keep up your courage. There is a remedy for almost every misfortune; and I see a very easy one for yours."

"That is quite impossible!" sobbed the neglected wife.

"Listen to me," returned the visitor, "I am the Marquis de Cussy; and people call me the prince of gourmands, which is a piece of flattery. They ought rather to call me the prince of doctors, which would only be justice. I will cure your husband."

"You, monsieur? and how will you cure him?"

"With the help of my science. But I can do so only on one condition, which is this; you must let me have my own way in everything that I may think necessary to effect his cure."

"Such a condition is too reasonable to be refused, monsieur!" replied the wife, who had stopped crying, and was listening with all her ears to the discourse of the marquis.

"I shall begin by writing a few lines to your husband, which you will hand to him as soon as he comes in," pursued the gastronomer as he seated himself at a little table, and wrote with his pencil a few words on the back of a letter he took from his pocket-book. "This is the first of my prescriptions," he continued, as he handed the paper to Madame Leblanc, "do not forget that it must be followed with the most implicit obedience." And taking his hat, the Marquis bowed kindly to the painter's wife, and took his departure.

When Simon Leblanc entered his deserted home that evening his wife handed him the note, which ran as follows:

"I am assured, monsieur, that you are one of the best porcelain-painters in Paris, and the specimens I have seen of your work convince me that your talent is not overrated. I have to request you to put in hand, this very day if your occupations permit, the two saucers which I leave with this letter, together with the two broken ones which they are destined to replace, and which will serve as your patterns in the execution of the new ones. I need not tell you that the recompense of this work will be worthy of your talent; money is not the sole consideration with an artist of merit. We shall easily come to an understanding on this point.

"Meanwhile, permit me to impose on you one slight condition. For the last fifty years (I am now sixty-five) I have never arranged any matter of business without having previously dined with the other contracting party. I have therefore to inform you that I hereby invite myself to dine with you to-morrow: a family-dinner, with you and your wife. Marquis de Cussy."

"What an odd sort of a customer," said the porcelain-painter to himself, as he perused the missive: "a Marquis that invites himself to dine in a garret, where there is not a mouthful to eat! But I like his free and easy sort of way. Let him come; and we'll see what can be done!" So saying, Simon Leblanc began to examine the broken china left by the Marquis. "Two saucers like these will take eight days' to finish," he remarked, musingly, "a wearisome job. But we'll think about it to-morrow."

Next morning, on awaking, the saucers were the first things he thought of.

"Deuce take the man and his letter!" he exclaimed. "If he had only left the order, I should just have left him and his nangers to look after themselves; but what can one do when a Marquis gives one an order, and invites himself to dine with one this very evening?"

During the whole of the morning the painter wandered restlessly in and out of the little room in which he used to work in the happier days that seemed to be gone by for ever. About noon he began to prepare his colors; before long he was busy sketching his patterns. His wife, who watched him anxiously, but said nothing, could hardly believe her eyes.

As the clocks in the neighborhood were striking two, the painter's bell rang, and the Marquis appeared.

"*Ma foi!*" cried he, holding out his hand to the painter, "I am come early, as you see, for I was impatient to make your acquaintance. Allow me to compliment you very sincerely on your promptitude," he continued, seeing that the painter was already at work: "it is an excellent sign, and you shall be immediately rewarded for the alacrity with which you have met my wishes. You are wondering what your reward will be. An excellent appetite, which I promise you beforehand; for, you remember, we are going to dine together: and our dinner will be worth the trouble of eating, let me tell you!"

"I should be only too glad to be able to offer you such a dinner, Monsieur le Marquis," replied the porcelain-painter: "but, I am sorry to say, you have chosen a wrong place to look for a dinner. Poor people like us, have no larder: I will take you to the tavern where I dine, and we will do the best we can there."

"Much obliged to you!" cried the Marquis, with an eloquent shake of the head; "there are, in all Paris, only one or two eating-houses where a man of taste could manage to make a dinner, and they are too far off. No; we must dine here, and we shall dine well. You may take my word for it."

"But, Monsieur le Marquis," objected the young wife, with an air of evident embarrassment.

"Give yourself no trouble about the matter, my child: I take the whole affair upon myself. Have you any charcoal?"

"Even so poor a kitchen as ours is sure to have *that*, Monsieur le Marquis!" answered the hostess, still rather uneasy.

"Very good. The rest is my affair," continued the Marquis, as the bell rang once more, and a tall lacquey, in a gay livery, entered the painter's apartment, panting under the weight of a great hamper, heavily laden with provisions of various kinds, and a number of bottles, whose rosined corks and dusty cobwebs proclaimed the quality of the precious liquor they contained.

"I must let you into the secret of some of my ways, my children!" pursued the gastronomer, "not only am I a good liver, but I have also the right to call myself an excellent cook," and so saying, he took off his coat, and turned up his shirt sleeves, with an evident intention of affording an ocular demonstration of the truth of his claim, to all whom it might concern. "As for you, Monsieur Leblanc," he continued, turning to the porcelain-painter, who was looking on with a face expressive of amusement and interest, "I beg you will not let my presence disturb you in the work you have undertaken. Return to your business, and leave me to mine. When I have finished my labors I will let you know."

The Marquis, having unpacked the hamper with the aid of his servant and the painter's wife, betook himself to the little kitchen, and began to make the fires for his contemplated operations.

"Monsieur le Marquis," said the young woman, "I cannot allow you—"

"To make the fire myself? But do you not know that the making of the fire is not an unimportant point in the preparation of a dish? A little more charcoal, or a little less, is by no means a trifle; and no one but myself knows just what the quantity should be. Besides," he added, in a whisper, "you remember our agreement. I am here as a doctor; let me cure my patient in my own way."

"If Monsieur le Marquis is determined to do everything himself, I have nothing more to say," replied Madame Leblanc.

At dusk the table was set in the humble dining-room of the porcelain-painter. Thanks to the active aid of his wife, the room looked as neat and inviting as possible. The marquis had bethought himself of everything; the little round table was covered with a snowy cloth; and for each of the three dinner-companions were provided plates of Sevres china, and wine-glasses of transparent clearness.

But if the setting-out of the table was handsome and satisfactory, what shall be said of the dishes composing the repast? There are things beyond the power of description; and the Marquis's cookery was one of these.

"Let me tell you, my children," said the Marquis, as the soup was removed, and the succeeding dishes were placed upon the table, "let me tell you that the King himself will not sit down this evening to a better dinner than ours!"

"That is just what I was thinking!" exclaimed the porcelain-painter, in the enthusiasm of his satisfaction; but how under the sun can you give such a wonderful flavor to everything!"

"So, you find my cookery tolerable, do you!" said the gastronome, with a smile of gratified vanity.

"I never dreamed of anything half so delicious!" responded the painter.

"Good! then we will make another attempt to-morrow!" cried the Marquis, gaily.

The porcelain-painter, deeming it incumbent on him to protest against a repetition of the trouble he had taken on this occasion, endeavored to make up a sentence to that effect, though it may be doubted whether his protestations were altogether sincere.

"As to my trouble, as you call it," interposed the Marquis, good humoredly, "it is all for my own interest. I am impatient to have my two saucers, and there is nothing helps work forward as much as the certainty of a good dinner, when one's task is over. Besides, I am not sorry to be here, and to see, for myself, how the work gets on."

Things went on in this manner for four days; Simon worked zealously all day, and dined like a Prince of the blood in the evening.

By the end of the fourth day, Simon Leblanc was astonished to find something of his former liking for his work coming back to him. His work-room seemed to him less odious; his brushes, his palette, and the details of his work, all began to exercise something of their old charm over his mind; and he murmured, while painting busily—

"Ah! if one were only sure of having a good dinner, at home, at the end of a day's work!"

As the Marquis was leaving, after they had again partaken together of an excellent repast, the young wife followed him to the door, and whispered: "I really think Simon is beginning to forget the road to the wine-shop!"

"He will have forgotten it altogether a few days hence, *mon enfant!*" replied the Marquis with a smile. He was already meditating the preparation of a golden pheasant that should be a *chef d'œuvre* of culinary skill, on which he counted for the completion of the cure he had undertaken to effect, and it was the acquisition of this pheasant that had taken him, two days afterwards to the Poultry-market, as we have seen.

When the Marquis entered the painter's apartment, he found the little rooms decked out as for a festival. Madame Leblanc had been busy all the morning in putting the place in apple-pie order. The floors had been waxed, and the furniture subjected to a thorough cleaning and rubbing, clean white muslin blinds were to be seen in the windows; the brass knobs of the andirons were shining in brilliant rivalry with the gleaming of the fire; and bunches of asters and chrysanthemums filled the little china jars upon the mantelpiece.

"This evening I shall deliver to you the two saucers, Monsieur le Marquis!" exclaimed Simon Leblanc, in an exultant tone, as he came forward quickly to welcome his kindly guest.

"And this evening we shall also eat our best dinner!" returned the latter, shaking the porcelain-painter cordially by the hand.

Both parties kept their word.

That evening, as the church-clocks were striking five, Simon Leblanc quitted his work-room, and placed the two beautiful saucers in the marquis's hands.

"You may well be proud of your work *mon enfant*, for it is a masterpiece;" said M. de Cussy, as he examined the two beautiful saucers with the eye of a connoisseur. "And now let me show you mine!" he added, as he led the way to the dinner-table, and showed him the golden pheasant, worthily displayed in a silver chafing-dish.

"He cannot resist the action of such a medicament as *that!*" whispered the Marquis, triumphantly, to Madame Leblanc, as he seated himself at the table, between her and her husband.

The gastronomer was right in his calculations.

"I shall never be able to eat again at that horrible tavern!" cried the porcelain-painter when the dessert was being placed upon the table.

"What! is he cured already?" cried his little wife, with tears of joy filling her pretty blue eyes.

"Yes, he is already cured, *mon enfant*," replied the ex-purveyor, "but the permanence of the cure will depend upon your being able to continue the treatment I have begun. And now let me offer you something that will help you to do so," he continued, as he took from his pocket-book a bank note of a thousand francs, which he placed in the hands of the painter's wife. "It is the price of the two saucers," he added, as the painter and his wife uttered an exclamation of surprise at the largeness of the sum of which they now found themselves the possessors, "the prince for whom they are destined will not think I have paid too much for a piece of work that has been executed so quickly and so well."

The porcelain-painter, having thus happily returned into the right path, was never again tempted to quit it. He became as steady in his work as he was skillful; and his wife, being furnished with the means of providing for the comfort of her husband, made excellent use of the Marquis's teachings. They were soon able to remove into a better apartment; Madame Leblanc taking good care to make it so comfortable that her husband was never again tempted to leave his own table or his own fireside.

When the Marquis de Cussy was attacked by the malady which terminated his days, he one day received a present of a very beautiful porcelain cup, on which was painted a golden pheasant. This cup was accompanied by a note containing these words:—

"To my doctor, to help him to take his herb tea." To those who inquired what could be intended by the sending of this cup, he would reply:

"It is a memorial of the most perfect piece of cooking, and the most successful cure, that I have ever accomplished in the whole course of my life!"

In his will, the Marquis bequeathed this cup to one of his nephews, by whom it is carefully preserved as an heir-loom. QUANTUM.

Awful Disclosure—For Those Who Eat City Sausages.—A couple of Germans, named Dunn and Hoffmann, were arrested, last week, in this city, charged with carrying on a pretty extensive sausage factory. In this pursuit, however, there is no crime, sausages being an article of food descended to our cookery books from a remote antiquity. But when made of horse flesh the act of sausage making is viewed in the eye of the law as decidedly culpable.

The first witness was Wm. Kicher. He testified that he had at various times purchased sausages of the defendant, and from their peculiar quality was led to believe that something more fibrous than pork constituted their principal ingredient. Becoming suspicious, he followed the man Dunn, unobserved by him, to an establishment at the corner of Seventh street and Germantown road, where dead horses are purchased for bone boiling purposes. He waited outside, and afterwards followed him home again. This testimony was also corroborated by Daniel Babeyson.

John Titlow, a lad employed in the horse boiling establishment, testified to an acquaintance with the accused Dunn, who was in the habit of purchasing horse meat, fifty and a hundred pounds at a time, stating that he wanted it for dog meat. The price he paid for it, was one cent a pound. A second witness, named Thomas Myers, employed in the same place, confirmed this statement.

High Constable Watt was the last witness. He testified that he had visited the premises occupied by the accused. As neither of them knows English, he procured a German woman as an interpreter. The place occupied as the horse-sausage factory, is a two-story frame building in the rear, on the west side of Fifth street, between Race and Vine. The officer entered abruptly and found Hoffmann perspiringly laboring over a huge block, busily chopping horse meat with a hand axe, while Dunn was seated on an inverted tub preparing the viscera to receive their dainty contents. The witness took them in custody, and made a survey of the house. In the cellar was a tier of tubs, filled with salt and water, in which big "chunks" of horse meat were acquiring due flavor. The ground floor was the principal factory—and a rather nasty one, too—where the ready manufactured article and the materials in the various stages of manipulation, were lying around in graceful confusion.

The Alderman, whose ideas of hygiene are slightly peculiar, and who doesn't believe in converting dead omnibus horses into articles of diet, committed the accused to answer at court.

The scene presented by the spectators was decidedly rich. Persons who never ate sausages in any form, enjoyed it vastly, and chuckled as the salient parts of the testimony were elicited. A number of others, on the contrary, who, probably, liked that article of food, exhibited marked disgust; while one elderly gentleman, in ruffled shirt and drab cassimeres, who, in all probability, had just eaten sausages for his supper, was seized with violent ecvolutions, and rushed out into the street like a belated passenger after a railroad train.

These Germans may have imbibed "progressive" ideas on the subject of horse flesh as food—but then they should not have used the flesh of dead and often diseased horses. The prejudice against properly prepared horse flesh may be undeserved. In Paris, a "porter house steak" from a three year old sorrel is considered a delicacy equal to that furnished by venison. Among the wandering tribes of northern Asia horse flesh is preferred to beef or mutton. The Danes, as late as the year 1807, during the siege of Copenhagen, authorized the sale of horse meat from butchers' stalls. Hazard the Elder, a famous veterinary surgeon at the end of the 18th century, says that horse meat was in common use during the French revolution, and without any detriment to the public health; in the campaigns of the Rhine, of Catalonia, and of the Maritime Alps, the celebrated Larrey had recourse to this kind of aliment for the wounded. In Sweden and Belgium also, horse meat is a favorite viand, and why we in Philadelphia should turn up our noses at the idea, should be explained. The same absurd prejudice exists against dog mutton, cat veal, and in fact against most of the ingredients of which city sausages are composed.

The New York Journal of Commerce argues at length in favor of the adoption of the Parisian system of general and thorough police espionage as the only measure calculated to restore peace and safety to the people of that city.

CONCENTRATED MILK.

The new process for consolidating milk, by separating the useful properties from the water contained in it, is attracting considerable attention. A large factory, intended to be used for this purpose, has been erected for a New York firm, on the farm of the Messrs. Carpenter, at Stanfordville, Dutchess County. The extract prepared by this process, when properly sealed, can be carried any distance by sea or land, and remain perfectly sweet. Genuine cow's milk contains, in a thousand parts, one hundred and sixty of butter, casein, and sugar of milk; the remaining eight hundred and forty parts are water. The water is all evaporated, by the new process, and the residue (only one-sixth of the original bulk of the whole) is a paste that may be put up in cans, and re-converted into pure, unadulterated milk at any moment, by adding the necessary quantity of water. Mr. Borden, the inventor of this process, has established a condenser in Litchfield County, Connecticut, capable of reducing 5,000 quarts per day. The Winsted Herald, of that county, describes the process as follows:

"The milk, as it is received from the neighborhood farmers, (they being paid some two or three cents per quart for it,) in cans of six to eight gallons each, is at once deprived of its animal heat by placing the cans in ice-cold water. It is then, while in the cans, subjected to a heat of 160 to 190 degrees—a few degrees below the boiling point. Thus prepared, the milk is immediately transferred to a boiler, a huge receptacle of cast iron, of incalculable strength. While there subjected, by means of steam, to a heat of but 120 degrees, the air is withdrawn by two nicely adjusted air-pumps, and the process of evaporation commences. The vapor as it forms, and this it does with surprising rapidity within the vacuum, is as rapidly condensed and thrown off by means of pumps, and so quick is the process, that, according to our information, a boiler of 500 quarts can be reduced to 115 quarts within one and a half hours. The liquid thrown off by the evaporation is clear, like water—has a sickish, unpleasant taste—in no way resembling milk, and its smell is slightly offensive. It is considered that the concentrated article is rendered purer by the process, to say nothing of its other advantages."

The N. Y. Journal of Commerce alluding to this subject, says:

"The reader will perceive that it is not *manufactured* milk—there being nothing added to it, and nothing taken from it except the water. It will be sold in the city at, say 32 cents a quart. This will bring the cost, when restored, by the addition of four times its bulk of water, to about sixpence a quart. If any one wishes to use *cheaper* milk, he has only to add another quart of water; it will be then far richer than most, if not all of the milk distributed from carts about the city. Of course, the addition of only two or three parts of water, leaves a rich cream, and the purchaser can vary the quality at his pleasure.

"Very few persons are aware of the extent and importance of the milk trade in this city. The statistics compiled for official use a year or two ago, showed that the annual cost to consumers here was about $3,500,000; and it must now exceed $4,000,000. The difficulty connected with the trade grows out of the rapid decomposition of the milk in its natural state, and its great bulk compared with its first cost. Both of these are overcome in Borden's process, as the water may be evaporated at the dairy, and added again when it is wanted for use. The expense of transportation is thereby much reduced, while the quality of the milk is preserved from the damage it suffers in its natural state from long continued *agitation*. The samples we have seen are unexceptionable, both in quality and taste; and we regard the experiment as entirely successful."

Notwithstanding the above, we think we would rather give the preference to the old-fashioned article in Philadelphia.

A Steamer in Collision with a Whale.—On the last trip of the steamer Columbia, from Oregon, an unusual number of the species of whale known as "humpback" were observed sporting in the neighborhood of Humboldt Bay, as only monsters of the deep can sport. The steamer, with wind and steam fair in her tail, was running at the rate of ten or twelve knots an hour, when, says a passenger, an enormous whale raised to blow, within a half a rod of the ship's prow, its body lying at right angles with her course of sailing. Full thirty feet of the monster's back must have been exposed, and all were expecting an old-fashioned

"Crash, the cruel coulter passed out through thy cell,"

when Mr. Fish sank, almost like lead, but not quick enough to "save his bacon," for he was not at sufficient depth to be out of reach of the ship's keel. When the fish rose, the water for some distance around was crimsoned with its blood. Though with diminished force, the ship struck with great violence, turning the monster completely on its beam ends, in which position it came to the surface on the larboard side, and just in time to receive another severe "thump" from the steamer's paddle. But it was not killed, for it was seen making its way toward the land some moments after.—*Sacramento Union.*

California on the Panic.—The California papers are almost unanimous in attributing the Panic to the tendency to speculate in railroad stocks and western lands, induced by the effect of California gold upon the Atlantic markets, and also to the unparalleled extravagance in living, which has of late years increased in the Northern and Eastern States. In less than ten years there has been an influx of $500,000,000, from a source hitherto deemed unproductive, and this imbued men's minds with reckless speculation, desire of bold adventure, and personal extravagance. "The effect," says the *Alta California* of November 5, "was at once seen in the principal cities of the Eastern States in the increased extravagance in dress, equipage, and in all the social relations. A life of luxury and display commenced, such as the country had never before witnessed—all predicated upon a false financial and commercial system, resulting from the witchery of the wealth of California." The illusory fabric of credit was kept up by steady shipments of gold from California, and the failure of the Ohio Life and Trust Insurance Company knocked the keystone from the arch.

A Grandmother at Twenty-Nine Years of Age.—A woman who was recently brought before the magistrates of Wigan, for an assault committed upon a neighbor, affords a striking instance of recklessly early marriages. She is the wife of Patrick Casey, a tailor. They reside in Douglas Terrace, Wigan. He is forty years of age, and she is twenty-nine. They were married before she had attained the age of fourteen years, and she was a mother at the age of fourteen years and seven months. Since that time she has had eleven other children. Strange to say, the eldest girl, who was fifteen years old a few days since, is the mother of two children, the elder of whom is nearly two years of age, she having married earlier in life than her mother. Mrs. Casey is, therefore, at the age of twenty-nine years, the mother of twelve, and the grandmother of two children.—*Liverpool Paper.*

The Hog Disease.—The Strasburg (Penna.) Herald says that the hog disease, which has proved so fatal in the West, is spreading in this neighborhood. The Messrs. Rohrer, who have commenced the distilling business in our neighborhood, have lost thirty-five hogs, and the disease is still spreading. John Musselman, distiller, of East Hempfield township, had lost sixteen up to last Thursday evening, and about forty more were diseased and not expected to live. Franklin Mylin, distiller, of Providence township, has lost fifteen or twenty—we did not learn the exact number. We also learn that the disease has extended to hogs belonging to farmers. The disease commences with lameness and stiffness in the limbs, and vomiting. The hogs appear to be mortified immediately after death, the mortification showing itself either in the head, the ears, the stomach, or the legs.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 192—Adults 91, and children 101.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

We have Liverpool advices to the 21st ult.—three days later.

The applications at the Bank of England for discount had increased rather than diminished.

The list of failures has been seriously extended by new suspensions. The great American house of Peabody & Co. had been saved from suspension by an advance from the Bank of $5,000,000 on good securities. When such a house as this was even in danger, we can somewhat estimate the struggles which establishments of less means and credit are compelled to make. That such a house as Mr. Peabody's should be embarrassed, under the present pressure, says nothing against its wealth and solvency. In 1837, the great Liverpool house of William and James Brown had to solicit aid, under the very same pressure, from the Bank of England, and when the crisis was over Messrs. Brown resumed their high station, which they still continue to hold, among the merchant princes of Liverpool.

The probability of a further advance in the Bank rate was discussed, but the large arrivals of gold were regarded as likely to render such a step unnecessary. The funds were firm throughout the day.

Private letters from Paris describe a better feeling. The American houses were beginning to get remittances, and the situation of the Bank of France was improving.

At other continental cities there are likewise signs of an approaching tendency to the revival of confidence.

A large and very influential meeting had been held at Glasgow, for the purpose of expressing confidence in the Scotch Banks. It was resolved to accept the notes of the suspended banks as currency.

The shipment of silver to the East by the mail of the 20th is only £318,000.

The stoppage of the Wolverhampton Bank caused many failures in the iron districts, representing in the aggregate a large sum.

The London Daily Commercial List of Friday says:—"The discount market has in some measure become more settled. The timely assistance afforded by the Bank of England has arrested the distress which otherwise would have occurred. We cannot quote rates lower. From ten to twelve per cent. continues to be demanded. There is, however, a better feeling in all monetary departments, and good bills cease to be rejected. We confidently look forward to the day when confidence will be re-established."

The steamer Leipsic had been employed by the Atlantic Telegraph Company in recovering that portion of the cable which was submerged off the coast of Ireland. The inshore cable and 53 miles of the ocean wire were recovered, when, during the prevalence of a heavy sea, the wire parted. All attempts to recover the remainder have been postponed till the spring. The submerged wire bears no appearance of injury, and the whole of the recovered cable can be used again.

There was a meeting of the bondholders of the Erie Railroad on the 18th inst. A resolution was adopted expressing confidence in the intrinsic value of the line, and for the appointment of a committee to raise subscriptions of further capital to prevent the foreclosure of the property.

A submarine telegraph cable has been laid between Gaghani and Malta, a distance of about 300 miles with perfect success. This line will accelerate the receipt of the Indian news by a day or two.

A second attempt was made to launch the Leviathan steamer on the 19th inst., but it proved a failure, it being found impossible to move her. The four hydraulic presses were brought to bear on the ship with full force, which failing to start her, all hands were set to work on the capstans and land purchases to heave her off by chains, but one of the chains gave way, which put an end to the operations. The effort was not to regularly launch her, but to move the vessel some forty feet lower down.

Another attempt will be made in a few days, with a further improvement in appliances. The public are now kept in ignorance as to the movements of those having the superintendence of launching her.

The Siamese ambassador has been formally received by Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle.

Some riotous proceedings have taken place among the unemployed operatives at Nottingham. They held a public meeting, and the windows of some of the provision shops were afterwards broken. Any further meetings had been interdicted, and special constables enrolled to preserve the peace. Temporary relief has been afforded to a great many families. The able-bodied are not compelled to go into the workhouse, and they are employed for constructing a new road.

The rate of discount at Hamburg has again advanced from 8½ to 9½ per cent. This has partly been occasioned by the apprehension of a large failure which it is believed will be found to have been averted.

A Vienna letter of the 14th says: "The financial accounts from the manufacturing districts were exceedingly afflicting. The number of failures was enormous. No greater panic was ever known at Vienna.

It is now known that the Emperor of Russia is firmly resolved on the abolition of serfdom, and it is thought that the 18th of December, the *fete* day of the Emperor Nicholas, has been fixed on for the publication of the ukase, because his late Majesty, when on his death-bed, recommended it to his son.

The Bank Returns.—The Daily News' city article describes the returns as the most remarkable ever published. The banks have infringed the act to the extent of two millions, but to a considerable extent this infringement is more seeming than real. Of the two millions of new notes created against Government securities deposited in the issue department, £1,148,185 in notes and £404,501 in coin, making a total of £1,522,686, remain in the bank still—consequently, the extent to which the public have actually trenched upon the new fund of two millions, so far as placed at their disposal, is really less than half a million. The £686,412 of coin withdrawn remain in the country, being held in Scotland and Ireland. The bank appears to have sold a million of government securities in the market.

The Times' city article, referring to these acts, points out that while we have been increasing our promises to pay in gold, the stock of gold, on which these promises were based, has been steadily diminishing. All will see that this inverse process must have certain limits, and that if these limits were reached, national suspension would be the result, happily, as yet, checked by the partial tendency to the revival of confidence.

Turkey.—Rev. Mr. Hamlin, in a late letter, gives a copy of a decision of Turkish officials in reference to persons changing their religion, which indicates a remarkable improvement in the tone of the government towards Christians. The decision says:

"It is the will of his majesty, our sovereign, and it has become the established law of the empire, that every subject, without any exception, should enjoy entire religious freedom. *The Mussulman is now as free to become a Christian, as the Christian is free to become a Mussulman! The Government will know no difference in the two cases.* It will only undertake, whenever an accusation of restraint or compulsion, by fear or force, is brought, to ascertain the true state of the case; and then only with the intention of securing the most unexceptionable freedom of choice."

A Dutchman's Reasons for Marrying.—A stout Hollander applied at the Probate Clerk's office in Cincinnati on Saturday for a "check" to get married with. A person who happened to be present asked his reason for wishing to take a wife in such hard times? when he replied, "I plenty time now—noting to do. Soon I have work—can't tend to mine wife. Plenty time now—so I gets married." And paying his dollar, drawn from a well-tied shot-bag, he departed with his license to occupy his leisure hours in getting married and attending to his wife.

A young lady in Cincinnati, a few days ago, died from bleeding at the nose. While standing the blood rushed from both nostrils in a stream.

MORMONISM.

FROM TAIT'S MAGAZINE.

When a "religion" has lasted sufficiently long for children to be born under its *régime*, other causes enter into its progress than its power to exhist the speculative belief of outsiders. This is now the case with Mormonism. I do not happen to know how old the youngest "born" Mormon may be, but the wretched "religion" has lived long enough for girls born of Mormon fathers to be young mothers, so that numbers of children must have been "bred" in its bosom, trained to believe in the Divine origin of the Mormon literature, the Divine authority of the Mormon Heaven's-Vicegerent, and the moral propriety of Mormon social institutions.

We may henceforward, then, spare our wonder at the number of sincere Mormonites—hundreds are just born into it, and there is an end. But the wonder respecting the original power of the creed and system to make believers remains, and I think there are some words yet unsaid respecting the sources of that power.

I distinguish between things which are possible to be believed, because there are parallels to them, and things which are in their own nature accountable. The question of the first successes of Mormonism, and of its actual conquests at present over "gentile" minds, demands that this distinction should be kept in view. I do not at all pretend to understand how it is that a man of the intelligence and culture of Mr. Orson Pratt, the Mormon "Apostle," should believe in "the golden plates," and the crude forgery from which "my servant Joseph" started upon his prophetic career. But, inasmuch as superior men have before now been found in the drain of the grossest, barest delusions, I believe, without choking effort, that Mr. Pratt may have quite sincerely taken to "the golden plates," and the pretensions of "my servant Joseph." Still, there never was anything in my own mental experience to correspond with it, and it is a thing which, if there were no parallels, I should disbelieve—i. e., I should doubt the honesty of any Mormonite of a certain degree of talent and cultivation.

Unaccountable (not incredible,) is the word I apply to the faith in Mormonism of an intelligent, instructed man. But that is the only kind of fact about the history of the system to which I apply the word. All the rest, I think, may be accounted for.

I. I do not think it surprising that rude audiences, such as those who attended the Mormon "conferences" in London, should accept for "religious services" the irreverent medley served up to them in the Mormon procedure at ostensibly sacred meetings. In how many out of any given hundred of the workers and small shopkeepers of *England* will you find the sentiment of reverence either naturally strong, or cultivated into pervading activity? When the ignorant semi-brutalised poor feel their want of a "religion," it is commonly in the shape of a crave groping after some idea strong enough to regulate their lives for them—some scheme of things comprehensive enough to explain their (to them) unaccountable privations, and bountiful enough to give them better hopes. Any strong, good-natured *deus ex machinâ* will do. Strong and good-natured he must be; but the rest you may fill in almost as you please; and if you could get at the idea of God *as it exists* in the heart of tens of thousands of coarse worshippers of one class or another, you would be grieved to find how little it, in fact, includes of the qualities that bespeak true reverence. The religious services of other strange creedists besides Mormons have presented incongruous features. Most of us have, at one time or another, heard very irreverent prayers, sermons, and hymns. Then there are Ranters, Shakers, and what-not besides, all of whom ignore the distinctions between the sublime and the ridiculous, and dispositise worship in their own ways. The Mormons dispositise it in methods quite in harmony with the material character of their creed, and, by introducing as much similarity as possible into their services, seem, to the vulgar mind, to bring the divine into actual close contact with the human. Nor is it a trifle that the *bruxquerie* which the Mormons affect in their sacred things is just the kind of manifestation which the uninstructed think inconsistent with what they call "gammon," if not altogether an antidote to it.

There are, indeed, many things to recommend Mormonism to ill-taught minds of a brawny description.

II. The Mormon creed is concrete, and consistent of the sort. The concreteness is a great recommendation, removing, as it does, all difficulties on the score of imperfect spiritual apprehension. God, says the Mormon, might out, without mincing matters, has length, breadth and thickness; he shouts, to the tune of "The Rose that all are Praising"—

> The God of other Christians is not the God for me;
> He's got no parts nor passions, and cannot hear or see—
> A God of revelation:
> Oh, that's the God for me!

This resolute concreteness runs through the whole system. The Mormon's kingdom of heaven means a kingdom, with real crowns and things, all complete. His God is not called "Our Father" for nothing—he is held to be literally so. He has not only "body" and "parts," he has "passions!" Anthropomorphism was never more complete than in the Mormon theology: and it is obvious what advantage a dexterous literalist may take, in support of it, of Old Testament language, and how consistent he may make his scheme in vulgar eyes.

III. Prosperity, says Lord Bacon, is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New. Mormonism recognizes this, and gains an immense advantage in doing so. It is the Old Testament which, from its romantic stories, incessant personal interest, and play of passion, is most read, first read, and last and best remembered, by the average of the English poor. Mormonism might be called a crude Old Testamentism. It is full of tangible views of the Divine conduct, and of human need. It breathes of plenty, and power, and milk-and-honey for the faithful and the strong. It spares its adherents all puzzling attempts to reconcile the "blessings" of the two books by merging them in one, and that one the more popular and pleasing of them. At the same time, to meet cavillers and cover the accidents to which a new "religion" is liable, there is a spice of "tribulation" or "persecution" thrown in here and there. This saves appearances with those who might otherwise fancy the "milk-and-honey" business a little overdone, and it pleases sentimental "saints," who happen to get lynched, or anything of that kind.

IV. There is a strong, romantic attraction, for coarse minds, in the corporateness and freemasonry of Mormonism. Any one who has noted Oddfellowism and similar developments, must know how powerful, among the lower strata of the people, is the "One-of-Us" feeling, and how fond they are of being bound together, and separated from the rest of mankind by mysteries of initiation, and so forth. Mormonism is just the sort of organization to please these people. To be a Mormon, to belong to the body, to be duly initiated, and then to be something quite different from others!—that is decidedly grand. In the Mormon system, too, all the "saints" are not only called kings, but the prospective royalty of each individual saint is made as tangible a thing as possible to him.

V. If I were asked for one word which would describe, as nearly as one word could, the state of mind which, in reference to theological and social questions, prevails most largely at this hour, I should say—*unsettled*. Such faiths as men have are held laxly, and do not grasp and regulate their lives. Now, men must be governed either from without or from within, or be miserable. In our own day personal liberty is almost unbounded, and the field of activity which lies open to every individual, perplexingly wide, whilst the rule from within is not strong enough to cover it. Then, new facts and new thoughts have been taken up faster than they could be assimilated; old landmarks of opinion have been disturbed; and in the hurry and struggle of life the way is missed, and there is conscious stumbling and conscious wandering. Now comes Mormonism to the puzzled million, with broad theocratic pretensions, saying, "Yes, we see you are puzzled, and that you want something to hold fast by. Now, we will undertake to methodise your lives for you. We begin by isolating you from this confusing system of things in which you now fret and pine, and placing you under a new and consistent *régime*. With us, who own no allegiance to 'society' without, you need never be in the dark; for our scheme is a theocracy, minutely ordering all the machinery of life, and we have perpetual revelations to meet new difficulties as they arise. Here, you are torn in pieces by anarchic laws and institutions; with us there is no *laissez faire*; we promise you a strong Government, and plenty of it. If you want to know your right course about a lot of wood, you can ask our prophet—old ladies ask our prophet about smaller trifles than that, and his decision is the voice of heaven. What a satisfaction! Leave these Gentiles, where you are always getting off the rails, and come to us, and let us set you in a groove, where you cannot go wrong if you try." This voice finds ready listeners. A strong Government is just what the worried-out Gentile needs every day. It is much easier to accept a rule from without, than to find the kingdom of heaven within; so he flies to the feet of the Mormon King Stork in haste, and—repents at leisure.

Among the leading causes of the success of Mormonism, then, among a discontented population like ours, I name the concreteness of its creed; the secularity of its "religious" inducements; its attractions as a novel and romantic organization; and its pretensions to regulate in detail the lives of its adherents by centralizing the work of conscience. Perhaps I ought to add a certain bluff, coarse humanity, which belongs rather to the spirit of the founders and propagators than to the creed, but which makes itself felt in the propagandism, and which has a real charm for the masses. Polygamic hopes may influence a few converts, but not many, I think. The mere love of adventure may also carry off a small number. But, of all the causes, I hold the chief to be defect of self-government, from the decay of faith in old principles of conduct. The poor, who cannot control their outward lot, who know just enough to be bewildered, and would be glad of somebody to regulate their lives for them, are the likeliest candidates for Salt Lake. We may safely take it for granted, in addition, that they are the likeliest persons to wish themselves away again. They carry with them the motive power of perpetual unrest.

THE FIRST SNOW ON THE FELL.

Our days had begun to darken;
The shadows upon the lawn
To fall from the elm-trees early,
To linger long for dawn;
The leaves of the elm to redden,
And tremble to the wind,
With its bitter news and whispers
Of the worse that lay behind.

And now and again would flutter
A dead leaf to the ground,
Which sun should never gladden,
Nor rain with a summer sound.
The fern was red on the mountain,
The cloud was low in the sky,
And we knew that the year was failing,
That the wintry time was nigh.

But we thought, as thinks the lover
With his loved one near her grave,
"Oh, Death, leave her here for a little,
Leave her, whom nought can save."
A little more warmth and brightness,
And tarrying of the green,
Had left no content with the future,
Thankful for what had been;
We dreamt not of Winter, standing
As to-day we see him stand,
In the midst of the mountains yonder,
With Helvellyn in his hand.
Though he dares not come to the valleys,
Though he leaves the hill ere noon,
His foot will be on the lake's breast,
He will hush the river soon.
Yon print of his hoary finger
We Northerns know full well,
Our sign that summer is over,—
The first snow on the Fell.

HANDSOME MEN.—"We were speaking of handsome men, the other evening, and I was wondering why K——— had so lost the beauty for which, five years ago, he was famous. 'Oh, it's because he never *did* anything,' said B.: 'he never worked, thought, suffered. You *must have the mind chiselling away at the features, if you want handsome middle-aged men.*' Since hearing that remark, I have been on the watch, at the theatre, opera and other places, to see whether it was generally true—and *it is*. A handsome man who does nothing but eat and drink, grows flabby, and the fine lines of his features are lost: but the hard thinker has an admirable sculptor at work, keeping his fine lines in repair and constantly going over his face to improve the original design. Yet, heigh-ho! perhaps it is because I am growing old myself, that I see so much beauty in the middle-aged men! Time is an old wretch! He makes *men* handsomer very often, but he *does not* improve *women!*"—*Cor. Home Journal.*

NATURAL LOVE.

I saw him as he passed
The window where I stood,
When I was peeping out
In a half-playful mood;
His eye caught mine—he smiled,
I tried to look in state,
Yet could not for my life—
Do you believe in Fate?

I think I smiled again,
Yet this I truly know,
I wondered who he was,
Who took my fancy so;
I met him once again,
And saw he seemed to wait
To catch my every glance—
Do you believe in Fate?

I did not seem to heed,
Yet heeded all the while,
The one who thus had won
My interest with a smile;
At length a mutual friend
Led him to where I sate;
My heart thrilled at his voice—
Do you believe in Fate?

He led me forth to dance;
And with such graceful ease
We moved amid the maze,
Like birds through leafy trees;
His arm supported me,
His step with mine did mate
As none had done before—
Do you believe in Fate?

He sought me at my home,
And won me for his bride,
And now that smile to me
Is more than aught beside;
Without it I should be
Forlorn and desolate,
I am a happy wife—
Do you believe in Fate?

SCHOOL LIFE.

Let us think for a moment, and recall the names of a few boys who in after-years cursed and cast upbraidings upon the training and trainers of their childhood. A column of men comes out of the dim past whose names irradiate it, dispersing even the mists of time, or rather lighting them into a soft halo around every head. We will not look along the line further than to where a short, dark, not bad-looking man stands—one Dean Swift, known of yore, he with the melancholy and bitter smile; this man cursed the training of his youth, and said that but for it, some at least of the miseries of that bitter life might have been spared. Cowley, Goldsmith, Churchill, make the same complaint; and Collins is not without a sigh, half in anger, about it. But there looms a bigger man, a man with a larger heart, though a rougher exterior, than any of these—a larger heart, because more practical, more self-sacrificing, and more self-denying—one Dr. Samuel Johnson, who twists his lumbering body round to express his anger at the sufferings of his youth. There is idle gay-hearted Dick Steele saying in the Spectator much the same thing.

Every one knows what Gibbon said of Oxford: and there he is, with his gentlemanly sneer, repeating what from another voice would be vituperation. A little farther back—but there the great men seem rather crowded together, many on a small space, and large men, too—one quaint old man named Burton I hear saying, in his *Anatomie of Melancholy*, that he knew no slavery like the life of school-time—almost denounces it, philosopher as he is. And there is Milton, too, not far from him, upbraiding Cambridge, and hating the very country round about it for its sake; and Dryden also complaining with high-flown sneer.

And somewhat joined with these, as in the spirit of one great life, there stands a group of foreigners, as we call them—Carnot, the master of fourteen armies; Schiller, born king of men; and Richter the gentle and wise, with Goethe, broad-seeing and subtle, the spirit of the earth, *demiurgus*—all joining in complaint. And nearer still, almost of the present day, stand Byron and Walter Scott, both with a speech against the management of schools and their sufferings therefrom. Says the latter:

> "You call this education, do you not?
> Why, it is the forced march of a herd of bullocks
> Before a shouting drover! The glad van
> Move on at ease, and pause a while to snatch
> A passing morsel from the dewy greensward;
> While all the blows, the oaths, the indignation,
> Fall on the croupe of the ill-fated laggard—
> The cripples in the rear."

We should have named among those before, Locke and Bacon, whose anger reached disgust. Following Scott come Hazlitt and Sydney Smith; and among ourselves now living, Thackeray has, in the opening chapters of *Vanity Fair*, entered a vehement and bitter protest against the tyranny of school life. Here concludes a sort of Banquo vision of complaining kings, the anger of but a few generations of eloquent men; but how many millions of such sufferers have passed away without a sign! Therefore let us never look upon a heart-grieved school-child and his sorrow as childish things, but recollect that there may be big sorrows in little hearts.

A FELICITOUS SHAKSPEAREAN QUOTATION.—Lord Loughborough, then Mr. Wedderburn—once acquired great applause in the House of Commons, by a happy quotation from Shakspeare. Grenville, leader of the opposition, brought forward the bill for the trial of controverted elections. Lord North and the government opposed it, and the Attorney-General, De Grey, spoke against it, urging that it was "better to endure the evils of which we know the extent, than fly to others which we know not of."

Wedderburn rose instantly, and continued, from Hamlet's soliloquy—

> "And thus the native hue of resolution
> Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
> And enterprises of great pith and moment,
> With this regard, their currents turn awry,
> And lose the name of action."

The bill was carried by a large majority.

RAKING OUT THE FIRE.—This measure of economy, is often attended with great danger. It was observed to the British Association, in 1838, that "Newcastle, notwithstanding the vast consumption of coal in the town, is remarkably free from fires of dangerous magnitude: and it was suggested whether, as the greater number of fires occurred in London about eleven o'clock at night, the practice of raking out the fire at bedtime, which is not done at Newcastle, where coals are cheap, might not have some connexion with these conflagrations." An experienced London fireman is stated to have remarked that a great proportion of the fires in the metropolis are caused by raking out the fire at bed-time.—*Timbs' "Popular Errors Explained."*

A JOKE FROM THE GERMAN BATHS.

The Courrier des Etats Unis gives the following anecdote as among the best recently brought home from the German watering places:—The Princess of Neuwied has a pretty chateau very near that city, and she nobly does the honors of her summer abode. Not long since she invited to dine with her, the commandant of Neuwied, Count Paris. Some vexatious and imperious exigency of the military service suddenly intervened, and the Major wrote to the Princess a courteous note regretting the circumstance. The missive was confided to a gendarme who well deserves to be transferred by Naudaud to his "Paudora." As he was about to give him the letter, the Major said: "as you come back bring me my dinner." The Major had been accustomed to dine alone in his quarters, and his dinner had always been brought to him from the Hotel de l'Ancre, at the sign Zum Aneker. It happened to be the Princess's maid, (the Kammermadchen) who received the gendarme, and she made the messenger wait, and after about five minutes time she brought back to him this verbal answer: "Her Highness greatly regrets that the Major cannot come to dine at her chateau." "Yes," replied the gendarme, (with the solemnity of a soldier faithful to his watchword,) "but the Major ordered me to bring back his dinner to him."

The maid, who doubtless had a little of the Pandora about her also, reported this answer to the Princess, who was as witty as she was wise, and, thinking there was some hidden joke, the latter, without betraying the slightest smile, ordered a splendid dinner to be placed in a great basket, and confided to the shoulders of the candid ambassador. Our German Pandora, "glorieux d'une charge si belle," as Lafontaine sings, went home with his basket and set it down on the Major's table. Now, the military dinners of the Hotel de l'Ancre are pretty good; every dinner from there is alike as to that matter; but at the very first glance, Major Paris saw that this Belshazzar's feast *for one* could not have come from the usual source. He rang the bell. The gendarme came in, triumphant, and gave a detailed account of his expedition. His innocence appeared so touching, that the Major had not the heart to reproach him; he contained himself with the wisdom of a superior and tolerant man, and forthwith invited three of the garrison officers to partake of this fabulous dinner!

Before seating himself at table, however, the Major knowing the benevolent character of the Princess, and desiring to send an ample acknowledgment to the dinner-table of the chateau by one of those magnificent cakes which are the sugared glory of the German confectionaries, sent the same gendarme to the very best pastry cook in town with an order to buy and pay five thalers for one of his master-pieces, and then to carry it to the Princess Neuwied. The good gendarme believing himself on the high road to success, was at his wits' end while going, to finish everything up with at least equal understanding. He paid for the cake the price agreed, and carrying it carefully as a relic, he gave it to the maid and rested grandly for an answer. "Give a thaler to that brave man," said the Princess, and the servant handed it for drink money in a princely way to the porter. The gendarme examined the piece of silver with a sly laugh, and said to the maid: "Pardon, madame, that cake cost five thalers, I must have four more." "Let him have four more," replied the Princess, bursting into a loud laugh.

Major Paris was at table with his three comrades when the gendarme returned, prouder than ever, and laid the five thalers on the table, saying: "The Princess meant to give me only one thaler, but I was no *conscript—I* was not so green. I was not such a fool as she took me for, so I demanded *the five*. I hope my Major is *satisfied* with what I have done. And turning on his heel he went out, saying to himself, "one more commission as well done as that, and at the first promotion I shall be made a brigadier."

At Neuwied nothing is now talked of but the gendarme and the Major.

CIVILIZATION IN CHINA.

Shoe, hat, and cap shops, glass manufactories, tin, iron, and knife warehouses, stood in long rows: silk, linen and cotton goods occupied large numbers of shops; the porcelain and tea magazines were to be found in another quarter, and the curiosity shops had also their peculiar locality. There were several streets in which smoking caps were exclusively sold. Every Chinese, of every age, wears a smoking-cap, and they are to be had of the simplest as well as the most magnificent materials. Books were exposed for sale, some under a shed, some in the very street itself, alongside of the houses. As they are almost all stereotyped, and printed upon such thin paper that the leaves are generally double, the cost of literary productions is a mere trifle; therefore, the Chinese is a very reading nation, and its authors well known and appreciated. The women read an immense number of romances.

One wandered, as it were, through an enchanted spot: at every step one stumbled upon something new. Strange as it may seem, I can aver that amidst the Chinese articles exhibited for sale, I have seen things the equal of which scarcely any country could produce; and when it is remembered that these are manufactured by a people, who, for thousands of years, have possessed the same skill and accomplishments, one is lost in astonishment, and can scarcely believe one's own eyes. What luxury and refinement must there not be in the community which absorbs all these things, or rather, among whom they become distributed. Only the refuse of these productions go to the rich and the great of Europe. We look with surprise at the power which the voluptuous Romans possessed of surrounding themselves with all that could please the eye, the taste, in fact, every one of the senses, and we must acknowledge that we are but tyros in comparison with them. Among the Chinese alone, do we find their equals in these respects. And what shall we not further know of them when their career shall be more freely revealed to us!—*London Monthly Magazine.*

☞ Did you ever think of the principal mistake in friendships? Mrs. Browning says:—"I have observed that disappointment here arises chiefly, *not* from liking our friends too well, or thinking of them too highly, but rather from an over-estimate of *their* liking for an opinion of us."

FRENCH MODESTY.

We really believe that there are in France as many firesides sustained by impurity as in any other country. It will be found that the French woman by being more the devotee of sentiment is less the prey of passion, than less demonstrative, but more concentrative types of womanhood. In almost all cases the French woman appears, in a moral sense, worse, and the anti-French woman better than she is. More apt to forget herself, the former would speak and gesticulate, when the more calculating Anglo-Saxon would use the cloak of mental reservation and prudery. It is the nature of the sentiments in healthy action to evaporate in words and gesture; they do not, in the fullness of freedom, lead to temptation; they are not active in the same way as suppressed feeling, that has developed itself in the dark, possessing all the rankness of a morbid weed, instead of the beautiful color and fragrance that belong to a flower grown in the light. A woman, "fancy free," has more self-possession and more control over herself than the more guarded woman, whose feeling has been constantly concentrated, and not allowed an outlet in the play of sentiments; such stand really in much greater danger of losing the mastery of their judgment than the others.

The French woman is ruled by a combination of head and heart rather than by mere blood and temperament. She strives to be both kind and witty. Her most fiery passions actually seem to be subdued by this combination of judgment and affection. This head and heart compound, which the French call "*esprit*"—a characteristic no other race possesses in the same degree, and which no foreign word can interpret—this *esprit* has been vouchsafed to the French woman in a generous degree, and it distinguishes her above all other women on earth. Have you ever seen an old French lady dressed like a young girl? Or a French young girl look as womanish as a lady of discreeter years? *Never*. Her *esprit* is her talisman against all incongruities. The harmonies and proprieties of years, and seasons, and position are adhered to with the same regard for the unities by the French woman as the Aristotelian rules of the Greek drama are adhered to by the old French dramatists. Age, which is in so many instances the destroyer of woman's outward charm, becomes in the home of a French woman a source of æsthetical veneration. Nothing can be more graceful than the manner in which an old French lady almost makes wrinkles lovely, by boldly and skillfully facing the responsibilities and consequences of age. Nothing is there more delightful than the maiden reserve, yet girlish *espièglerie* of the French girl—the blushes of retiring maidenhood constantly warring with the irrepressible impulses of girlish fun and roguery, thus producing an exquisite picture of a young lady, instinct with sparkling elasticity, yet restrained by bashful modesty.—*N. Y. Crayon.*

A BABY SONG.

Come, white angels, to baby and me;
Touch his blue eyes with the image of sleep,
In his surprise he will cease to weep:
Hush, child, the angels are coming to me!

Come, white doves, to baby and me;
Softly whirr in the silent air,
Flutter about his golden hair:
Hark, child, the doves are cooing to thee!

Come, white lilies, to baby and me;
Drowsily nod before his eyes,
So full of wonder, so round, and wise:
Hist, child, the lily-bells tinkle for thee!

Come, white moon, to baby and me;
Gently glide o'er the ocean of sleep,
Silver the waves of its shadowy deep:
Sleep, child, the whitest of dreams to thee.

NAPOLEON.—The mind of Napoleon was vast; but after the manner of the Orientals, and through a contradictory disposition, it descended, as it were, by the effect of its own weight, to details which might justly be called low. His first idea was always grand, and his second mean and petty. His mind was like his purse: munificence and meanness hold each a string. His genius, which was at once adapted to the stage of the world, and the mountebank's show, resembled a royal robe joined to a harlequin's jacket. Endowed with wonderful and infinite shrewdness; glittering with wit; seizing or creating in every question new and unperceived relations; abounding in lively and picturesque images, animated and pointed expressions, the more forcible from the very incorrectness of his language, which always bore a sort of foreign impress; sophistical, subtle, and changeable to excess—he adopted different rules of optics from those by which other men are guided. Add to this the delirium of excess, the habit of drinking from the enchanted cup, and intoxicating himself with the incense of the world; and you may form an idea of the man who, uniting in his caprice all that is lofty and mean in the human character, majestic in the splendor of sovereignty, and peremptory in command, with all that is ignoble and base, even in his grandest achievements, joining the treacherous ambush to the subversion of thrones—presents altogether such a Jupiter-Scapin, as never before figured on the scene of life.—*Abbé de Pradt.*

DO BIRDS UNDERSTAND WHAT THEY LEARN?—And now comes the question whether birds do not, in some degree at least, understand what they learn. It cannot be denied that, in a state of nature, their notes and intonations are significant to each other, and convey intelligence on which they act; nor does it require much observation or credulity to lead one to the conclusion that they are not altogether ignorant of the meaning of the words which they are taught. They apply them, at least, very often, very opportunely. We know of a parrot that was very fond of a bone—not a good thing to give a parrot by the way—and when the bird had picked it, he would whistle to and call by name the spaniel that was suffered to run about the house. When the dog came, as he always did when within hearing, the parrot would drop the bone out of his cage; and the dog very complacently picked it up and proceeded then and there to feed upon it, the parrot looking down on him and calling him "Pretty Beau," over and anon during the operation. When dinner was brought, the parrot would climb up the bar of its cage, and there remain, crying, "Bring Polly's sop," till something was given to it. If a bottle of ale or wine were brought in, it would say, "Waiter! Waiter! a bottle of wine and a cigar." This parrot, which was an excellent talker, had not been taught to call the dog, but he had been in the habit of hearing him called to receive bones and bits, and did likewise.—*Frazer's Magazine.*

THE POLICE IN VIENNA.

The police are more than usually upon the alert in Austria. I had never previously to appear before them in person; but at Vienna I was summoned to the office of the chief secretary, and I have often made a less amusing visit upon a more promising invitation. He received me very courteously, and desiring me to take a seat by the table at which he was writing, commenced a conversation *de omnibus rebus* in very excellent English. He spoke of England and of Italy, of routes and recollections, of authors and of artists, apparently without an object; but at the end of twenty minutes I found that there was scarcely a circumstance of my life with which he had not made himself acquainted. My place of birth, my position, the time I resided at different cities, and my occupation there, were drawn from me as mere episodes. I had not thought it possible that so offensive a duty could have been so dexterously and agreeably performed.

"And the *object* of your visit?" he continued, as he, at last, proceeded to fill up my ticket of residence.

"Curiosity."

"Say *amusement*."

An answer that briefly describes the domestic policy of every despotic government; and, above all, Austria. Amuse yourself; revel to licentiousness; all this is permitted, even at Milan; but beware of *curiosity*—it might pry into forbidden places.

"And now," said he, presenting me with the ticket, "this will enable you to remain at Vienna, or to visit its beautiful environs. To-morrow, perhaps, you send me your banker's guarantee for your good conduct." A requisition that seemed to indicate a discouraging want of confidence after so pleasant a conversation; but the request was customary, and my compliance with it terminated my intercourse with this insinuating secretary of police.

AN IRRITABLE GEYSER.—The Geysers of Iceland are admirably described by Lord Dufferin, in his "Letters from High Latitudes." His lordship and party having spent some days at the spot, in order to witness an ebullition of the principal geyser, and being irritated by a false alarm, determined on tormenting the Strokr—which bit of revenge is thus pleasingly told:

"Strokr (or 'The Churn') is an unfortunate geyser, with so little command over his temper and his stomach, that you can get a *rise* out of him whenever you like. All that is necessary is to collect a quantity of sods, and throw them down his funnel. As he has no brain to protect him from these liberties, you can approach to the very edge of the pipe, about five feet in diameter, and look down at the boiling water, which is perpetually seething at the bottom. In a few minutes the dose of turf you have just administered begins to disagree with him; he works himself up into an awful passion; tormented by the qualms of incipient sickness, he groans and hisses and boils up, and spits at you with malicious vehemence, until at last, with a roar of mingled pain and rage, he throws up into the air a column of water forty feet high, which carries with it all the sods that have been chucked in, and scatters them scalded and half-digested at your feet. So irritated has the poor thing's stomach become by the discipline it has undergone, that even long after all foreign matter has been thrown off, it goes on retching and sputtering, until at last nature is exhausted, when, sobbing and sighing to itself, it sinks back into the bottom of its den."

JEWS IN HINDOSTAN.—The Jews in England have sent an address to their brethren in the Bombay army, exhorting them to remain true to the interests of the British crown. Apropos of this, the Abend Zeitung of yesterday evening publishes the following extract from Hassel's Geography: "In Malabar alone there are twenty thousand Jews, and in the remainder of the peninsula their number is proportionably great. They date their presence in Hindostan from the period of the Babylonian Captivity. They assert that a portion of the tribe of Manasses, after three years' wandering, finally settled in India, to the number of twenty thousand families. Growing in favor among the Hindoos, they in a short time increased to eighty thousand families, and were soon powerful enough to establish the kingdom of Cranganore, upon the coast of Malabar. Here they flourished for some years, under a republican form of government, presided over by two chiefs. They still retain their chronicles in the Hebrew language, which are said to commence with the reign of Nebuchadnezzar. This people are known as the 'white Jews.' There are also 'black Jews' in India, supposed to have descended from slaves of the former, who were converted by their masters to the Mosaic faith."

WORDS.—Words are often as unforgotable as voiceless thoughts; they become very thoughts themselves, and *are* what they represent. How many of the simple, rudely, but fervently and beautifully rhymed psalms of David, are very part and parcel of the most spiritual treasures of the Scottish peasants' being:

> "The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,
> He makes me down to lie
> In pastures green: He leadeth me
> The quiet waters by."

Those few lines sanctify to the thoughtful shepherd the brae of every stream that glides through the solitary places—they have often given colors to the greensward beyond the brightness of all herbage and of all flowers. Thrice hallowed is all that poetry which makes us mortal creatures feel the union which subsists between the book of Nature and the book of Life!—*Prof. Wilson.*

THE ROBIN REDBREAST.—Charles Mackay in one of his lectures said, "The ballad of the Babes in the Woods," a legend of unknown antiquity, has made the Robin Redbreast a sacred bird in England—for the Robin—"the bold beggar with the scarlet bosom"—is never harmed there, however other birds may suffer. If the robins could but know how many of their lives have been spared for the sake of "an old song," they would hover around the graves of poets, as they did over the unburied bodies of the children in the wood, and strew them with leaves, in grateful remembrance of the power and tenderness of poetry.

☞ At the top or at the bottom of all illusions I set the cheat which still leads us to work and live for appearances; in spite of our conviction, in all sane hours, that it is what we really are that avails with friends, with strangers, and with fate or fortune.—*Emerson.*

A VISION
OF THE GREAT EASTERN.

Like a huge leviathan, lo, the monster glides
Solemn and dark, upon the swelling main,
Whose surge, upheaved by his tremendous sides
Indignant, dashes on the shore again.
Shout, multitudes! Guns, strain your iron throats—
Approving smiles, well pleased, let beauty lend;
Sound, trumpets, sound your high triumphant notes—
Frighted sea-monsters, to your caves descend;
To-day our ocean queen the earth disdains,
And o'er the subject deep, a mighty conqueror reigns!

Friendship no longer to the shore descends
With cheeks bedewed, while fond ones look their last,
As at the bedside of departing friends,
Ere death the bitterness of death to taste.
Securely walking, as on city street,
The self-same Heaven above, though stars be strange;
Countrymen, neighborhoods, and kindred meet.
Serene th' illimitable deep they range;
Many they love, and much of all they know.
Religion, language, laws, together with them go.

Thyself a navy! Offspring of man's mind,
Aspiring ever, and expanding still;
Pilot of labor wheresoe'er we find
The wilderness expecting human skill.
Earth calls—man hears—wide oceans intervene,
Crowds pine on this, hope points to other strands;
Our iron island oscillates between
The old and new, th' outworn and virgin lands;
Labor embarks with proud elated mien,
Glory and wealth with him, albeit as yet unseen.

Instinct with living fires, for purposed ends,
Submissive, pliant to the helmsman's skill,
From continent to continent extends.
From pole to pole the iron isle, at will
Not belching death from her artillered sides,
Not clothed with thunder, terror, rage and pain;
On peaceful errands, olive-crowned, she glides,
Tyrannic only o'er the watery plain;
From teeming nations, scarce-requited toil,
Floats man to nature, labor to the soil.

Linking two hemispheres, the far and near,
Esteeming lightly distance, change and time,
Ordained to trample on, and dominate
Over the wild dissociating brine;
Far as th' o'erarching western heavens extend,
Onward, still onward, tens of thousands come;
Thy sides food-seeking families ascend,
Descending thence, to their appointed home;
Men of one name, one language, and one birth,
Subduing and replenishing the earth!

JOHN FISHER MURRAY.

HORSE-SHOEING IN FRANCE.

The above engraving is from a picture by Gericault, a French painter celebrated for his delinestions of horses. The stalwart French shoe smith is fitting a new shoe to the heel of one of those heavy Norman farm-horses, which seem like elephants of horse-flesh. The method of doing this is quite different from that of our farriers, one of whom would take the hoof on to his knee. The horse also is secured into a sort of frame, instead of being merely tied up with his head to the wall, as is the custom with us. The owner of the horse leans against the frame; the little boy caresses the immense brute; while in the background the smith's assistant urges the smithy fire to a glow.

LYNDON HALL.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

Norah Lyndon sat under the great beech-tree at the end of the long walk with her Cousin Gregory. Norah was fair, pale, timid, and depressed: Gregory fiery as an Arab and almost as swarthy: Norah was gentle and cold, loving no one and harming nothing, while Gregory's very caresses were less tender than the reproaches of other men, and his love more fierce than ordinary hate. Yet though so singularly unsuited to each other, these two creatures were betrothed: because Norah's father wished to unite the estates, and because Gregory had a savage kind of love for his beautiful little cousin—that love which thinks only of itself, and looks only to its own fulfilment. As for Norah, she had simply been required to say "I will," after her father's stern "you shall." No one dreamed of any spontaneous wish on her part as either desirable or necessary: and it never occurred even to herself that she might by chance do more than obey—that she might claim the common birthright of humanity, and desire and will for herself. Her father had not ground her down through all the facile years of her early youth to leave her such dangerous thoughts as these. He had not suffered every spark of self-assertion to no purpose. He had made her what he willed her to be—a passive machine that did as it was bidden—walking by rule and living by law, but devoid all the impulse, passion, strength, and will, which sprung from an independent inner life.

This suited Colonel Lyndon. To his ideas Norah was a model daughter, and he almost loved her for the feebleness he had created in her. But Colonel Lyndon was not prone to love anything: and this, his nearest approach, was a poor imitation at the best. Gregory too, was a man who demanded implicit obedience from a woman. With his oriental temperament he had imbibed oriental ideas, and could never reconcile himself to the independence of Western women. But he was of a widely different nature to the Colonel, even while seemingly at one with him in the proper treatment and condition of women. He wanted love together with obedience: his slave must feel as well as act according to his desires; and souls must yield as well as breathe if he would be satisfied. The Colonel looked only for practical obedience: Gregory, younger, more impassioned, and in love, desired emotional sympathy as well. Thus, while Norah's submissiveness charmed him, her coldness and want of demonstration often nearly maddened him: and few men, perhaps, ever underwent greater torture than Gregory had done since his engagement with his cousin.

He often questioned her fiercely about her love for him: and to-day the conversation beneath the beech-tree led again over the old ground.

"Of course, I love you," said Norah, in her strange, timid way, not looking up, and speaking without emphasis or intonation.

"Why don't you look as if you did, then?" cried Gregory, impatiently.

"I cannot help my looks, cousin: they are always against me. I look pale, but I am not ill, and I believe I always look cross and unhappy, but I am not either."

"No, no, not cross, Norah, but unhappy. What makes you unhappy?" He spoke quickly, bending his great black eyes eagerly on her.

"I am not unhappy," said Norah, quietly.

"You are, Norah! you know you are! Every look, every movement, the tones of your voice, your gestures—everything tells me that you are retched, dejected, broken-hearted. I see it. I it. Oh, heaven! that face; and on the eve our marriage!" There was a certain deep vibration in the tones of his voice which was always the prelude to a fit of frenzy.

Norah, constitutionally afraid of passion, began to tremble.

There! there! see! I cannot speak to you in the tenderest way—I cannot even show you any love or care, without making you tremble and shrink from me. You cannot call this love, Norah! Why, my very dog returns my caress, and my horse knows my hand. These dumb creatures love me, while you—you—you fear me, shiver with dread and disgust before me, abhor me, Norah!—you wish I was dead and from your path for ever! I see it—I know feel it!"

He started up from the garden seat, and began pacing the walk, and folding his arms over his breast: but more as if he were a modern Laocoön crushing a boa-constrictor, than an ordinary English gentleman assuming an ordinary English attitude.

"Please, cousin, sit down," said Norah, timidly.

"Oh, this is torture!" he exclaimed, in a voice of genuine anguish: then flinging himself on his knees before her, he seized her hands, and burst into such a wild strain of despair and anguish that Norah felt almost faint to hear him. Moreover, he had grasped her so harshly, that, had she not been too timid even for cowardice, she would have screamed aloud. His nervous muscular hands closing like a vice over those tiny delicate fingers of hers, nearly crushed them. Little frail Norah was no fit plaything for a swarthy savage six feet high, and as powerful as he was passionate. But now his despair was so intense, that Norah felt in her own soul that, though exaggerated, it was not entirely groundless. She was too timid to make an end of it herself. She could only wait, trembling and terrified, until Gregory's passion had burnt itself out, and he had become calm by force of exhaustion. So she sat still and silent; white and rigid like a little marble statue.

At last the storm cleared off, and Gregory tried to soothe her. She bore her cousin's soothings passively, as she bore everything: but her sole thought during the infliction was, "When will this be over? Oh! when will he go away?"

At last, passing through the shrubbery, Norah saw a tall, great, spare military figure coming towards them—a figure she never remembered seeing with pleasure or gratitude before.

"My father, cousin!" she said quietly, but with a little sigh of relief.

Gregory had just time to start to his feet, before Colonel Lyndon turned into the Long Walk: for Gregory, half a savage, was almost as much in awe of his uncle as Norah herself.

With a stern, undeviating step, and a stern, unchanging face, the Colonel came up to them, and silently sat down on the other side of Norah. No one spoke. Gregory was occupied in regaining his self-possession, and Norah waited, as she had been taught, until her father should first address her.

"A beautiful day," said Colonel Lyndon, after a time; speaking curtly and imperatively, as if he were on parade giving orders, and as if the weather were on the verge of his displeasure. That was his way with everything.

"Very," said Norah.

"Too close," muttered Gregory, wiping his upper lip—that tell-tale upper lip—with the Egyptian blood seen so plainly in its thickened lines and glowing red!

Then there was a dead silence again; the Colonel had exhausted his first series of subjects; for the Colonel was not a talkative man; and Norah was always too thankful to take refuge in the peace of silence to break it of her own free will; even if she had not been taught that such infraction was the highest possible disrespect to paternal majesty. At last the Colonel spoke again.

"When does Miss Thorold come, Norah?"

"To-morrow, sir," said Norah.

"I hear she has grown a handsome and a pleasant person," remarked Colonel Lyndon, condescendingly. "As a child she was too forward and not sufficiently feminine, but I hear she has improved. What say you, Norah? it is not long since you left school? You can remember her distinctly, I presume. She is not disagreeable, I believe?"

"Not at all, sir," said Norah.

"And handsome?"

"Very handsome."

"Accomplished, too, and lady-like?"

"Both, sir."

"Handsome, agreeable, accomplished—yet you are not afraid of her? You are not jealous?" said Gregory, with a forced laugh.

"No, cousin, not in the least."

"Ah!" he cried, with a bitter sneer on his face. "Only those who love are jealous!"

"You speak bitterly, Gregory," said Colonel Lyndon, sharply, turning on his nephew those cruel, cold, gray eyes.

"I feel strongly, uncle."

"By what right, sir?"

"The right of suffering," said Gregory, moodily.

"Strange words!" cried the Colonel. "Are you not my daughter's affianced husband? What 'suffering' is there in your position, pray?"

"Oh! to be accepted is not enough! I would be loved!"

"Miss Lyndon knows her duty too well, not to do as she is bidden; Gregory, I have told her she must love you, and she does love you; for she has never yet presumed to disobey me. Tell me, Norah—you love your cousin, do you not?"

"Yes," said Norah, looking down.

"Don't be a fool, Gregory!" said the Colonel, with a small laugh; "else you may lose what I have made and gained. I give up to you a model of submission and obedience; be thankful for this result of a life of discipline and training, and do not blame the instrument if you are a bad musician. I never found it fail under my touch: be wise and it will not fail under yours!"

He rose as he said this, cast a sharp glance at the downcast eyes of his daughter, and walked away, with the same measured tread and military precision as when he came. Norah looked after him almost regretfully. Her two tyrants neutralized each other when they were together: and, indeed, anything was preferable to a tête-à-tête with Gregory, when he was in one of his jealous and excited moods.

"Cousin," she said, quite quietly, "I wish that you, or my father, would kill me at once. It would be better for me than to live as I do now."

Gregory heard no more, but bounded away, and Norah saw him no more for that day. But her father scolded her for three-quarters of an hour, and told her she was ungrateful and insubordinate.

CHAPTER II.

"Why, Norah! you do not look much like a bride!" cried Lucy Thorold, when, after the necessary public greetings were over, she and her friend were closeted, like school-girls talking mysteries again. "How is this!—is not your cousin kind to you?"

"Yes," said Norah. "I believe so."

"What a strange speech!" laughed Lucy, handsome, positive, dauntless Lucy—handsome, bold, worldly Lucy—who thought Norah the luckiest of women, to be engaged to a handsome cousin, with five thousand a-year. As for the savage blood in him, five thousand a-year would purify that.

"But you are so pale, Norah!" said Lucy, glancing in the glass at her own velvety, rose-red cheeks, round which her dark hair, turned back in a gorgeous roll, was set like a shining frame: while Norah's small, pallid face crowded up with a profusion of colorless hair looked like that of a little ghost.

"I am always pale," said Norah, "but never mind me now." Tell me of yourself Lucy. Think how long it is since I have seen you!—two long years! Tell me all that has happened to you since we left Madame Cosson's. Are you going to be married!—are you engaged yet?"

"I? No, Norah! I have not had five thousand a year laid at my feet, as you have at yours."

"I should care more about the man than the money," said Norah, gently, "though, indeed," she added below her breath, "they are all alike!" And she sighed.

"Is that your experience, Norah?" laughed Lucy. "Mine is just the reverse. They talk of the dissimilarity of women, and of our chameleon-like characters, but we are the very representatives of monotony compared to men. Why do you say that they are all alike?"

"They are all such tyrants," said Norah.

Lucy looked at her intently: then going up to her, she smoothed back her fair hair, gently, saying,

"Is that your experience, my poor Norah? Ah! I understand it all now!"

Norah's lip quivered, and her eyes filled: but her hard life had taught the little creature self-command, and, after a moment, the spasm passed, and left her face as still and calm as ever.

"And your's, Lucy?"

"Mine!—dear little girl, what a question! Don't you know me well enough to know that the man does not live on this earth who could or should play the tyrant over me? No, Norah; not the strongest will or the fiercest temper could conquer me. Let them try! There is not a man in England that I could not make my slave if I chose."

And she laughed, half in deprecation of her imperial boast, half in conscious power—such power as women, when they are young, beautiful and self-willed, alone feel.

"Not your father, Lucy?"

"My father? Bless his dear gentle heart! he would not hurt a fly, much less offend his daughter, of whom he is so extravagantly proud and fond. Dear, good-tempered papa! he never said 'No,' to my 'Yes,' in his life; nor to mamma's either. No; mamma is more inclined to be tyrannical than papa, but she is not difficult. I can soon kiss her into a good humor; and then I gossip with her, and, dear soul! she likes that. So I get round her too; if, with a little more management, yet quite as effectually as round papa; and they never dream of thwarting me—never!"

"And your brothers? Am I troublesome? But it is so long since I have seen you, that I understand nothing of your family or your position now."

Norah spoke so timidly, as one accustomed to refusals.

"Ask what you like, dear," said Lucy, in her fine, patronizing way. "I shall be very happy to tell you anything. Well: my brothers—they are the best creatures in the world! I have two—as you may remember. Launce is the eldest: he is like papa—a dear, soft, large, good-tempered thing, more like a big old dog than anything else. I call him Doggie when he is particularly good. Edmund is the youngest of us all; he is a year younger than I—by the bye, just your own age, Nory—and one of the gentlest beings breathing. He is a spiritual, etherial morsel, into whom nature forgot to put both bones and evil—a perfect angel, dear boy, and such a sweet poet! But he would have been better as a girl than as a man. He is too fair; and really, without nonsense, he has not enough wickedness in him for a true man. As he is, he holds very much the office of the bards of old with us all. We ask his views on all intellectual matters, never his advice on worldly affairs; and, if he were not incorruptible, he would have been spoilt years ago, with all the love and petting he has had. But, to go back to myself. You may see by this sketch of home, Norah, that I have no very formidable opponents to encounter. Launce is too soft-hearted; Edmund too good—besides being too abstracted—to oppose me: so that, in fact, Nory, I rule the house—and that is just the truth."

"What a happy life!" said Norah, sadly.

"Now tell me yours, Nory."

"Oh! no, no! never mind mine! It is too tame after yours," said Norah, hurriedly, "I have nothing to tell but what you know."

"Why, child! I know nothing. Come! your history or your life, rebel!"

At that moment a bell rang imperiously, as everything was done at Lyndon Hall.

"The first dinner-bell, Lucy," said Norah, looking frightened. "I must go, dear. Do not be a minute too late, papa is very particular, and punctual to a moment. Mind you are in time, for I want you to be a favorite here," she added, with a sad smile.

"Very well, I will be punctual," said Lucy, hurrying about her room and ringing for her maid. Then, when Norah had fairly closed the door, she laughed aloud and said,

"For to-day only, just to feel my ground."

True to her promise, down she came, five minutes before the time, all radiant in peach-blossom and silver. Little Norah glided in almost immediately after, in a floating light blue robe; the one self-possessed and queenly, the other timid and retiring: the one with her broad black brows and open eyes, her rich complexion and her ruddy, laughing mouth, the other with shy, melancholy orbs always hidden by their drooping lids, with small and delicate lips that smiled more sadly than Lucy's wept.

The Colonel and Gregory were waiting to receive them. The Colonel stood near the fireplace, severely watchful of the hour; Gregory lounged against the chimney-piece, eagerly looking for Norah. The Colonel, with his iron-gray hair and keen gray eyes, his hawk nose, thin face, and military bearing, looked the impersonation of severity turned gentleman; while Gregory, swarthy and excited, his large black eyes taking every shade of feeling as mirrors throw back forms, his thick, red lips and small, white teeth beneath, looked like what he was—the half-caste, with the savage element predominant. Between them both, no wonder was it that frail, fair Norah's life was slowly dying out of her; it was a greater wonder how it had been preserved so long. As Lucy said—writing home to her mother that night, and exaggerating in consideration of her mother's weakness for gossip—"She looked like a little white lamb between a lion and a jaguar—the jaguar was the Colonel," (added in a footnote.) "But," continued Lucy, with a burst of heroism by no means common to her, "I will save her! I feel that I have had this mission given to me, and that I am sent to effect poor Norah's release."

When the party separated that night, Colonel Lyndon reviewed himself anxiously in his dressing-glass—specially about his eyes and round his mouth. After a few minutes he drew himself up, saying:

"Not so many after all! Ah! who knows but that I may even outlast Gregory."

Norah accompanied Lucy to her room. It was such a novelty to her to have one of her own sex near her, that she clung to Lucy as if she had been her sister. She seemed so kind and gentle, and soft-hearted to poor Norah, crushed by her father, scorched by her lover, and terrified by both, that, if she could, she would never have left her side. Yet Lucy was only a year older than her young hostess, for all she patronised and played mother over her to such perfection.

Lucy spoke of Gregory. Her lids fluttered for a moment over her dark blue eyes, as she said, with girlish frankness:

"Oh, Norah! what a magnificent person your cousin is!"

"Yes, he is very handsome," said Norah; "or, at least, people say so."

"But, don't you think him so, yourself, Nory?"

"I do not admire that dark style," answered Norah. "His mother was an Egyptian, I believe, and the mark of his race is too visible."

"Well, I like it," cried Lucy. "It gives a life and animation which our red and white Saxon men want. His features are regularly and beautifully cut, and I think that the dark blood improves them. It would have been different if he had been like a negro."

"I am glad you like him," said Norah, simply. "And he thinks you beautiful—too beautiful to go about the world alone. He said so."

"Did he!" laughed Lucy, looking more pleased than proud. "Rather an impertinent speech to a bride-elect, was it not, Nory? What did you say to him in return? Did you not scold him?"

"No: I said to him just what I said to you—that I was glad he admired you."

"How charmed he must have been with your good sense!" said Lucy.

"No, he was not," answered Norah, not as if making a complaint, but speaking quite tranquilly, as if it was a normal condition of things, and she was used to it. "On the contrary, he was angry and excited. He wanted me to be jealous; but I am not of a jealous nature, and if he thought every woman in the world handsomer than I, it would not disturb me. Indeed, I would be very glad if it quieted him, and took him a little more out of himself, and away from me. Well! I must not keep you up after your journey. Good-night, dear. Oh! how glad I am that you are here!"

She bent her forehead to her friend's lips, and then went up to her own bed-room; where, the sad formula of the night, she cried herself to sleep like a child.

"Poor Norah!" said Lucy. "She does not love that man as much as I love my parrot! What a tragedy is preparing for them all! But what a superb fellow he is!"

Gregory, riding home, could not help giving a thought to Lucy. He was living over the evening again, and the new guest came in for her rightful share of the canvas.

"She is excessively handsome," he thought, "but I do not like her. Something about her repels me. Her eyes are too free and her manners too confident; but she can love—if indeed any man could be found to care for a love which would give itself without being sought. Oh! Norah's fairest coldness is more enchanting to me than this over freedom of giving, this prodigal generosity of love in that bold-eyed beauty. But Norah! Norah! can I ever make you love me as I would be loved!"

He took off his hat, so that the night-wind might blow cool upon his feverish forehead, and setting spurs to his horse, galloped many a long mile, seeking by violent exercise to counteract the tumult within him.

Norah, pale and weeping in her sleep, murmured—

"Why may I not die! Oh! why cannot I die now!"

CHAPTER III.

Lucy threw the light of a new life into Lyndon Hall. Before she had been there four days, the Colonel was in love with her. Seldom has there been so swift a fall, so sudden a conquest. And now, with the insolence of youth, she showed his fetters to all the world. There was not a petty girlish act of tyranny and self-will of which she was not guilty. She deranged all his habits and overthrew his authority. She made him wait for dinner, contradicted him before the whole household, beat him at chess, scolded down his assertions respecting woman's inferiority and the good of absolute submission, shook all the starch out of his military demeanor, and made him a pliant nobody, whom she twisted round her fingers at her pleasure. But all was done so graciously, her insolence was accomplished by means of such beaming eyes and sunny smiles, it was such a graceful cruelty and played by such a lovely comedian, that the Colonel was forced to submit, despot and autocrat as he was. But he apologized to himself for his loss of dignity on the same plea that a grave man would use if caught romping with his child. It was his pleasure, his will. He suffered these petty pretty liberties because he liked them: they were not taken by force, they were granted. He submitted, like Hercules, to Omphale, to a tyranny he could crush between his fingers and thumb to-morrow, if he chose. He was Samson bound by Delilah; but not asleep, nor with his locks shorn. The threads round him were but the fragile threads of a woman's caprice, which he could break at a moment, if he put forth his strength in never so minute degree. This disguised lord was still the lord, though he might masquerade in the slave's attire for his own good pleasure: and he—his will was none the less iron nor his purpose adamant, because he made himself the supple toy of a pretty woman; let her go an inch too far, and then she would find how much of this cruelty was based on her intrinsic power, and how much on his complaisance. So he comforted his damaged dignity with such soliloquies as these; and sat at the feet of his Omphale while she ruled him, or followed while she led him hither and thither, and took his lion's skin for her footstool, and laughed at his demi-godship to his face.

Norah looked on in silent wonder. To see her father, of whom she stood in almost superstitious awe, cajoled and trifled with by a girl only a year older than herself, seemed a miracle. She felt almost afraid, as if some new and mysterious power had risen up beside her. It was so strange, that her father, who had so crushed her, who laid his own will so heavily on the household, should now be paraded before them all, like a tame monster, and pushed to the very verge of ridicule by his docility. She did not recognize him. Lucy could do anything she pleased with him. After keeping dinner waiting a full half hour—a slight which Colonel Lyndon had once resented from a peer—Lucy would come down into the drawing-room all smiles and composure, conscious power, all exquisite attire and fabulous perfumes, sailing in as tranquilly as if she were no delinquent; then saying, if the Colonel looked haughty and sulky:

"Has the dinner-bell sounded yet?"

What her motive was for her conduct, Norah never asked; and even if she had, Lucy would have been puzzled for an answer, for she had no definite plans as yet, no actual motive. And as Norah was too quiet and indifferent to trouble herself much about what any one did, Lucy found no very officious censor or inquirer in her.

The person most perplexed of all, was Gregory. He, as all the world, saw Lucy's evident flirtation with the Colonel, and he, like Norah, let it pass without comment. He was too much absorbed in his own real love to care about the mock-play of others. Why did those strange, fixed looks meet his when no one was by?—looks that left a very sound of words behind them. Why did she start when he came upon her suddenly? Why did she look after him so earnestly, or sadly, when he withdrew? Why did she surround him with her influence, so that he could not escape from her, and was forced, as if by mesmeric will, to turn to her, and at least to watch her? Why, in the midst of all this possession—for it was a real possession—did he hate her fiercely, and wish that she had never entered Lyndon Hall?

Gregory was restless and distracted at his unusual state of feeling. He chafed and raged under it, as under a concealed wound; for, if Gregory had the faults, he had also the virtues of a savage. If he believed in the right of might, he believed also in the beauty of truth, and he practised the virtue of sincerity. It was only sincere then in him to hate Lucy, while fascinated in a strange repellant way by her. It was only natural to him, that, while dreaming of her beauty and her love, which he did so often now, he should also dream of hatred. For, true to his origin, he believed in spells and witchcraft, and he had no doubt that Lucy was casting a spell round him now, which he did not feel quite sure of resisting, and which he had full right to abhor.

Such a mute world of passion and fierce forbidden thought as it all was in this dim old stately Lyndon Hall! Such a stormy world, surging and boiling up round little Norah as the centre figure; she, the only calm one of them all, though the saddest of them all; but still and motionless, as philosophers say is the characteristic of storm centres.

What could Colonel Lyndon do to please his beautiful guest? He had presented her with a bridesmaid's bracelet; that was something, for Lucy adored jewelry. But what more could he do for her? The Colonel was a cautious man, and went by easy marches. He did not know Lucy's family: and, infatuated though he was, his pride was greater than his love; and he would sacrifice even Lucy, rather than make a mésalliance. He was anxious to win her heart—to thoroughly gain her mental consent—and then, on further knowledge, he would decide on what was best for himself. He did not wish to commit himself too early; but he wanted to be secure. This was his programme. Lucy, what was hers?

But what could he do to please her? Ah! he had it; the very thing, and good policy, too. He would ask her brothers to Norah's wedding, as an attention to herself, and for his own private inspection. That would do; a fitting clasp to the diamond bracelet, perhaps a clasp never to be unloosed. Lucy was charmed. She caught at the idea with eagerness; for it flashed a thought, a means, a way, into her mind which hitherto she had not been able to seize. Yes, Launce and Edmund must come. Edmund was pining to find his ideal; Norah was dying under Gregory's love. If they found what each was seeking for in the other, then, Gregory's first anger over; then—Lucy buried her face in her hands, but the very roots of her hair were crimson, and her heart beat so loud that she might have counted the strokes.

When she came to herself, the second dinner-bell had rung, and her hair was hanging loose over her shoulders.

CHAPTER IV.

Launcelot and Edmund Thorold came to Lyndon Hall. They were both exceedingly handsome, though very unlike each other, and quite unlike Lucy, excepting, indeed, a certain genial expression in Launce's face, which was like Lucy's when she was at her best—when she was not acting a part and not thinking of herself. But of the two, Launce was the more manly, as Lucy had said, and Edmund the better looking. Both were very gentle—Launce from that good nature and mental indolence which belongs to a certain type of large-built, stout, strong-limbed young Saxons; Edmund, from a refined nature, and from the absence of combativeness. Launce was the more affectionate; Edmund the more loving. Launce would make the kind husband, the good master, and the indulgent father.

The Colonel liked them. Their quiet manners pleased him, as did their manly deference to himself. For Lucy had warned them of his character, and had besought them to be extraordinarily respectful. And they always did what Lucy told them. Gregory stood aloof, watching his rivals. He surrounded Norah with more jealous cares than ever, hardly letting her out of his sight for a moment; sitting by her; talking to her exclusively, or rather suffering no one else to speak with her; breathing defiance and distrust in every glance and gesture; chained to her side like a fierce gaoler standing between the very sun and her. It was a hard time for Norah; it very nearly killed her.

The marriage-day was drawing near. Norah was growing thin and pale; Gregory more restless and more violent. It was no secret now, that he was eating his heart out for despair at Norah's want of love for him, or that Norah was literally dying of terror and oppression. But no one spoke; not even Lucy. She did not feel the

ground beneath her firm enough yet for such a hazardous chance.

The young men had been a week at the hall, and the marriage was to take place now in ten days, when Gregory received a letter from his lawyer, which threatened to destroy all existing engagements whatsoever. A cousin of his, the son of his father's younger brother, suddenly claimed the estate, on the plea that Gregory's Egyptian mother had never been legally married. A doubt had always existed in that branch of the family; for, if true, the estates would be theirs, and self-interest marvellously sharpens suspicion.

Colonel Lyndon was only half-brother to Gregory's father, and knew nothing of the rest of the family. In no case, then, could the estates devolve on him; consequently, he had never questioned the validity of his half-nephew's title. Had he received only a hint of such a possibility as the want of those important marriage lines, which change so many destinies, he would have thoroughly investigated the matter before he had suffered him to stand suitor to his daughter. For he cared only for the estates—not the man, and he would give Norah quite as willingly to the new owner as he had given her to Gregory; a great deal more willingly if he had a better income. Gregory knew this well enough, and foresaw all that would happen if he could not overcome this difficulty—a difficulty not wholly contemptible, for, though he had been brought up and considered as the lawful heir, he had no *legal or documentary evidence* of his father's marriage, and could not prove his title, if disputed; at least, not with the proofs in his hands. He would have to search for more.

After thinking over his position for full five minutes—which was a long time for Gregory to reflect—he determined on going at once to London, and seeing the matter to the end. Nothing but the certainty of losing Norah altogether—should his opponent's claim be made good—could have spurred him to this extreme step. But he felt it was better to risk a few weeks' absence than a life's loss;—better to suffer anxiety for a term than anguish for ever.

He rode over to Lyndon Hall, taking the letter with him. It was early morning and he found the family assembled at breakfast. Lucy, in the most wonderful elaboration of lace and muslin that the genius of Parisian artists could invent, was sitting by the Colonel, whom she was drugging with her pleasant poison. Norah was between Launce and Edmund, assiduously attended to by both. It was the only hour they had with her unmolested, and as they both wished to become really acquainted with her, it is not surprising that they made the most of it. In the midst of this delightful ease and dangerous pleasure, Gregory's step was heard in the hall. Not suffering the servant to announce him, he opened the door of the breakfast-room and strode rapidly forward. Norah was just handing a cup of tea to Edmund, at whom she was looking earnestly, smiling at an anecdote he was relating; Launce, on her other side, was bending forward, listening, but putting in a laughing commentary. Both the young men were animated; Norah unembarrassed and pleased. The instant Gregory appeared the smile faded from her lips, her eyelids drooped, her hand trembled, her breath was checked, and she turned pale. Launce and Edmund both stopped speaking, and Edmund half drew away, looking a shade guilty and caught. Lucy flushed crimson, a welcome springing like a word to her eyes; Colonel Lyndon looked surprised and bored by the interruption.

Not a shade, not a change, in the countenances of that unsuspecting breakfast-party, but had been marked by Gregory. He thought he detected a look of intelligence between Norah and Edmund. He was mistaken, as the jealous always are. Norah could not have established a good intelligence with any man. But for a moment this suspicion made him waver. Should he go and leave her to the designing people about her? Was he not mad and suicidal to think of such a thing? Then, again, if Colonel Lyndon heard a breath of his difficulty, adieu to Norah for ever, unless he could overcome it. Perhaps, already he had received intimation of the matter from that miserable cousin of his, whose life would not be worth much if ever he fell within the grasp of those hands. No! Gregory crushed back his transient hope and set himself to his task. To say the least of it, a difficult and painful one to any man.

The Colonel—when he and Gregory were closeted in his study—took the news quietly.

"Of course," he said, "unless you can perfectly substantiate your claim and clear your position, you need not expect to—"

Gregory anticipated the end of the unfinished sentence.

"But love—love—" he urged passionately.

"Bah! Acres, not love, my dear boy, when you talk to a father!" said the Colonel. "Do you think it possible for me to give my child to a penniless ——? Well! we will not discuss the question. Now, silence! not another word!" For Gregory was about the room on the point of committing some excess. "Leave us, now," he continued, in that cold, haughty, iron-bound way of his, which always stilled the poor, passionate savage like a spell. "Go to London, investigate this matter: go to Egypt, if need be,—probe the affair to the end, and substantiate your claim to the estates, or leave this country for ever. I will take care that Norah remains free and unsought till your return—but, on that return, unless indeed you are wise enough never to come back if unsuccessful—however, as I was saying, on that return, your good or ill-fortune will determine your relations with her. Go. Lose no time. The longer you delay here the longer you delay your possible marriage." And the Colonel waved him from the room.

Gregory went to find Norah. She and Lucy were in the drawing-room, sitting in the bay window working; Norah in a low prie-dieu cunningly isolated, Lucy on the ottoman, with plenty of space on the cushions beside her. He clanked into the room with even more than his usual indifference to forms, looking dark and agitated, not quite unlike the popular notions of demon lovers, when those gentlemen first threw off their fascinations and plunged into revelation.

"I must speak with you, Norah," he said, abruptly, sitting down by Lucy.

"And I am in the way?" said Lucy, in her sweetest voice, bending forward, and letting her hand rest lightly on his.

Gregory turned and looked into her face, and their eyes met. When she withdrew hers, Lucy felt that she had told too much. Single-hearted and absorbed as Gregory was, that look disturbed him, and for a moment he could not speak.

"Do you wish to say anything to me?" then asked Norah, submissively.

"Yes, Norah, yes!" he answered hurriedly; "I must speak with you."

"Shall I go, then?" said Lucy, with the same smile and the same caressing accent.

Norah looked at her imploringly.

"My cousin has no secrets from you," she said, in her timid voice, asking her to remain. But she went out of the room.

When the door was closed, Gregory exclaimed: "Swear that you will be faithful, whatever may happen!"

"I do, cousin," said Norah. She might as well have said, I am cold, or I am hot, for any emphasis or soul that lay on her words.

"More fervently—more passionately!" cried Gregory.

"I am not fervent, or passionate, cousin," said Norah, quietly, "were I to pretend to be so, I should be untrue."

"Say it to me again, then—let me hear those blessed sounds once more. You vow on your eternal salvation that nothing shall tempt you from me—that no one shall steal you away."

"No one, cousin. I love no one else."

"But me?"

"Cousin, I am bound to love you."

"And if you were not bound?—if you were free? Would you love me then, Norah?"

"Yes," she gasped, faintly.

"Oh! I can go now!" cried Gregory. "I will go while that word still vibrates on my ear! No colder sound shall disturb the echo of that word," and he rushed through the rooms, and departed without any leave-taking whatever.

Norah clasped her hands together. "Is it true! can it be true—has he really gone!" she exclaimed. Then hiding her face she too burst into tears. Were they tears of grief, or joy?

She waited until she had quite recovered herself, and until the last echo of the horse's hoofs had died away in the distance, before she sought Lucy. Finding her, she kissed her and clung to her, like a happy child, and though they both were silent, Lucy had scarcely seen her smile since she came to the Hall.

"What is to be done?" said Lucy to herself. "People would call me very dishonorable if they knew; but what can I do? There is no forcing these things—and no preventing them."

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

WANDERINGS IN INDIA.

It is some years since I first landed in Calcutta. I was in no way connected with the government, and was consequently an "interloper" or "adventurer." These were the terms applied by certain officials to European merchants, indigo-planters, shopkeepers, artisans, barristers, attorneys, and others.

It was not long before I made up my mind to become a wanderer in the East. I had no occupation, was my own master, and had a large tract of country to roam about in. My first step was to acquire a knowledge of Hindoostanee and of Persian. By dint of hard study, at the end of six months I found myself capable, not only of holding a conversation, but of arguing a point in either of these languages; and, with a light heart, I took my departure from the City of Palaces, and proceeded to Monghyr, on the Ganges.

The chief civilian of that district had invited me to spend a month with him. Every day I accompanied my friend to his court, and thereby got some insight into the administration of justice in India, both civil and criminal. Here, too, I first made acquaintance with Thugs. Several most notorious characters of that tribe were at Monghyr—not imprisoned, but permitted to move about. They had been pardoned on condition that they would become informers, and to a certain extent, detectives, in the suppression of Thuggee in the British dominions. It was a curious feeling to be in conversation with men who had each committed his ninety or a hundred murders—to see the fingers that had strangled so many victims—to watch the process, for they were good-natured enough to act it. There was the unsuspecting traveller with his bundle; the decoy Thug, who engaged him in conversation; the two men, who at that given signal, were to seize; the executioner, standing behind with the handkerchief, ready to strangle the victim. They even went through the operation of searching the "deceased," upon whom they found nothing in this case; but they assured me this frequently happened in reality. The reader is of course aware that it is a part of the Thug's religion not to rob a live body. The crime of murder must precede that of theft. The play—the tragedy—over (to these domesticated demons it was a mere farce,) they laughed at the solemn expression which, I doubt not, was stamped upon my features.

These Thugs were permitted to have their families at Monghyr; and one morning, when I strolled down to their camp, an old man made five children, the eldest boy not more than eight years old, go through the business of strangling and robbing a victim. In one respect these urchins outdid their progenitors in the acting. They not only went through the ceremony of searching the dead body, but, that done, they dragged it by the legs to a well, and, in dumb show, threw it down, and then uttered a prayer to Heaven!

"Was that good?" said one of the children, running up to me for applause and a reward. I scarcely knew what to reply. Before I had time to give any answer, the child's father said, "No; it was not good. You used the handkerchief before the signal was given. Go through it again, and remember, this time, that you must have patience." The boys began again, much in the same spirit that an actor and actress would go through the strangling scene in Othello, to please a fastidious manager.

Approaching a very interesting looking woman, of about two-and-twenty years of age, I said to her,

"What do you think of this?"

She replied, in a proverb, "The mango always falls beneath the shade of the parent tree."

"But the crime!" said I. "What think you of that?"

She looked up with as lovely a pair of eyes as ever saw the light, smiled, and responded:

"Heaven will hold us all, Sahib!"

I was about to reason with her, but her husband, with an expression of pride, interfered, and informed me that she had taken eighteen lives.

"Twenty-one!" she exclaimed.

"Eighteen only," said he.

"Twenty-one!" she persisted, and ran them over, counting on her fingers the places and the dates when the murders were committed.

Her husband then admitted that she was in the right, and, turning to me, remarked, "She is a very clever woman, Sahib."

"Were your victims men or women?" I said to her.

"All women," she answered me. "Some old and some young."

I was tempted to ask her to show me how it was done; and, after considerable coaxing, she complied with my wishes. To my surprise, she was the only actor in the scene, except the victim, with whom she went through the process of strangling with a piece of cord. The victim, another Thuggess, was supposed to be sleeping, when the operation was performed, and I could not help admiring—horrible as the sight was—the accuracy with which she performed the throes and agony of death. To borrow an idea from Junius, "None but those who had frequently witnessed such awful moments could describe them so well."

At the house of my Monghyr friend, I met a French gentleman, an indigo-planter of Tirhoot, in Behar. He invited me to pay him a visit, and to accompany him in his boat. He was about to sail on the following day. I say "sail," for at that time (the month of August,) the country was inundated, and it would have been impossible to travel by land. I accepted the invitation, and we sailed from Monghyr to Hajeepore without going near the Ganges for several days.

Monsieur Bardon, the French planter, was one of the most accomplished and agreeable men I had ever met, and in truth, one of the greatest characters. The hospitality of the Tirhoot planters is proverbial in India, and I believe I might have lived in that Garden of the East, as it is called, from that day to this, as a welcome guest of the various planters, if I had chosen still to be their guest. As it was, I was eight months in the district, and then had very great difficulty in getting away. A now celebrated officer, at that time commanding the Irregular Cavalry at Segowlie, induced me to follow him; and, after leaving his abode, I went to the Bettiah Rajah who initiated me into the mysteries of tiger-shooting. It was in the dominions of this small chief, that my hands and face were so browned, that I became far less fair than many natives of the country. Before leaving Tirhoot, however, I paid a visit to Rooder Singh, the Rajah of Durbungah, the richest native, perhaps, in all India. He has two hundred thousand pounds a-year net revenue; and, in a tank in his palace, there is lying, in gold and silver, upwards of a million and a half sterling. Chutter Singh, the father of the Rajah of Durbungah, was a firm friend of the British Government during the Nepal war. He raised a regiment of horse and provisioned it. When asked by the authorities for his bill, he replied that the Government owed him nothing.

After leaving the Bettiah Rajah, I proceeded to Lucknow, where I improved myself greatly in Hindostanee. In this city, and in Delhi, the purest is spoken. I was five months in Oude; and, during that period, spoke nothing but Hindostanee, or Persian. I made a point of avoiding my own countrymen, and of associating only with the natives of India.

Previous to leaving Lucknow, a letter was despatched to Nena Sahib, informing him that a gentleman of distinction, a most intimate friend of the governor-general, and related by birth or marriage to every member of the council in Calcutta, as well as a constant guest of the Queen of England, was travelling through Hindostan in disguise, and would most probably, by his presence, illumine the abode of the Maharajah Bahadoor, and it was hoped that every respect would be paid to the dignity of the Sahib's exalted position, &c., &c. When the draft of this epistle was read aloud by the moonshee who had written it from dictation, I expostulated, on the ground that the contents were not in accordance with the truth. My scruples, however, were eventually overcome, and I took leave of my Lucknow friends, after being provided with all that I should require on my journey (of about forty-five miles,) and an escort of fifteen sowars (horsemen;) for the road, at that time, between Lucknow and Cawnpore was infested by robbers. About a mile from Bhitoor my palkee was placed upon the ground. I was asleep, but awoke, and inquired, "Kia hua?" (what is the matter.)

I was informed by the bearers of my palkee that the Maharajah Peishwa Bahadoor had sent out an escort in honor of my approach, and presently there appeared at the door of my palkee a soldier-like looking Hindoo, who made me a very respectful salaam. The escort consisted of eight foot soldiers with drawn swords, and four sowars. The former, running by the side of my palkee, encouraged the bearers to make haste; while the latter caused their horses to curvet and prance, and thus kick up a frightful dust. At the abode of the Maharajah Bahadoor, I was met by several of his mussahibs (courtiers), who were exceedingly polite, and conducted me to a suit of apartments which had apparently been made ready for my reception; and so far as servants were concerned, I was literally surrounded. A sirdar bearer (personal attendant, or Indian valet) took charge of the two boxes which contained my wearing apparel. A khansamah (butler), followed by three khidmutghars (table servants), asked me if I would take some iced water, and in the same breath informed me that every kind of European drink was at hand. Brandy, gin, champagne, claret, sherry, port, beer, cherry-brandy and soda-water. And what would I take for dinner? Whatever the sahib's heart might desire, was in readiness. Turkey? goose? duck? fowl? beefsteak? mutton-chop? ham and eggs? and here the khansamah (a venerable Mussulman) informed me, sotto voce, that the Maharajah was constantly in the habit of entertaining European gentlemen: and that, although his highness was himself a strict Hindoo, he had no kind of prejudice, so that if I preferred beef to any other kind of meat, I had only to give the order. I assured the khansamah that since my arrival in India, I had never tasted beef, or hog's flesh, and that if he would have prepared for me, as speedily as possible, some rice and vegetables I should be quite satisfied. With a profound salaam the khansamah took his departure, followed by the khidmutghars. The sirdar bearers, and four other men, then approached me, reverentially, and begged to conduct me to my sleeping apartment and the bathing rooms.

There is something peculiarly quaint about the arrangement of European furniture in the house of a native gentleman. In the house of a European, the servants are, of course, taught how to arrange tables, chairs, and beds, according to European ideas; but it is otherwise with the servants of a rajah, or native gentleman. The consequence is that in the dining, or drawing-room, you will find a wash-hand stand, and a chest of drawers, and a toilet-table, while in the bed-room you will, perhaps, discover an old piano, an organ, a card-table, or chiffonier. The furniture has, for the most part, been purchased at various sales, and has belonged to officers of all grades, civil and military. There are the tent-table and the camp-stool of a dead ensign, in the same room with the marble-topped table and crimson damask-covered easy chair of some luxurious judge. On the mantel-piece you will find a costly clock of the most elegant design and workmanship, and on each side of it, a pair of Japan candlesticks, not worth half-a-crown. In this way are arranged the pictures on the walls. Immediately underneath a proof print of Landseer's "Bolton Abbey," or "Hawking," you will observe a sixpenny colored print of the Duke of Wellington, or Napoleon Bonaparte. The pictures also have been bought indiscriminately at various sales, and have been as indiscriminately suspended on the walls. There are the print-shop ballet girls intermingled with engravings of the most serious character; Fores's sporting collection with the most classical subjects. Foot-stools, musical-boxes, and elegantly bound books, writing-desks, work-boxes, plated dishes, sugar-basins, and tea pots, are arranged in the most grotesque fashion imaginable. Upon an elegant mahogany sideboard you will find decanters and glasses of every description and quality. Upon another sideboard, in the drawing-room, you will find a variety of dinner-services, and earthen fragments thereof, all mixed. There was but one set of rooms at Bhitoor for the reception of "Sahib logue," and this was the set that I then occupied.

I had scarcely made myself comfortable, when the khansamah informed me that dinner was on table. This was welcome intelligence, for I had not tasted food since morning, and it was half-past five P. M. I sat down to a table twenty feet long (it had originally been the mess table of a cavalry regiment), which was covered with a damask table cloth of European manufacture, but instead of a dinner-napkin there was a bed-room towel. The soup—for he had everything ready—was served up in a trifle dish, which had formed part of a dessert-service belonging to the Ninth Lancers—at all events, the arms of that regiment were upon it; but the plate into which I ladled it with a broken tea-cup, was of the old willow-pattern. The pillaw which followed the soup, was served upon a huge plated dish; but the plate from which I ate it, was of the very commonest description. The knife was a bone-handled affair; the spoon and the fork were of silver, and of Calcutta make. The plated side dishes, containing vegetables, were odd ones; one was round, the other oval. The pudding was brought in upon a soup-plate of blue and gold pattern, and the cheese was placed before me on a glass dish belonging to a dessert-service. The cool claret I drank out of a richly cut champagne glass, and the beer out of an American tumbler, of the very worst quality.

I had not yet seen "the Maharajah." It was not until past eight that a moonshee came and inquired if I would have an interview with his highness. I replied that it would give me great joy, and, was forthwith conducted through numerous narrow and gloomy passages to an apartment at the corner of the building. Here, sat the Maharajah on a Turkey carpet, and reclining slightly on a huge bolster. In front of him were his hookah, a sword, and several nosegays. His highness rose, came forward, took my hand, led me to the carpet, and begged of me to be seated on a cane-bottomed arm-chair, which had evidently been placed ready for my especial ease and occupation. After the usual compliments had passed, the Maharajah inquired if I had eaten well. But, perhaps, the general reader would like to know what are "the usual compliments."

Native Rajah. "The whole world is ringing with the praise of your illustrious name."

Humble Sahib. "Maharaj. You are very good."

Native Rajah. "From Calcutta to Cabul—throughout the whole of Hindoostan—every tongue declares that you have no equal. It is true."

Humble Sahib (who, if he knows anything of Asiatic manners and customs, knows that he must not contradict his host, but eat his compliments with a good appetite). "Maharaj."

Native Rajah. "The acuteness of your perceptions, and the soundness of your understanding, have, by universal report, become as manifest as even the light of the sun itself." Then, turning to his attendants of every degree, who, by this time, had formed a circle round me and the Rajah, he put the question, "Is it true, or not?"

The attendants, one and all, declare that it is true; and inquire whether it could be possible for a great man like the Maharajah to say that which was false.

Native Rajah. "The Sahib's father is living?"

Humble Sahib. "No, he is dead, Maharaj."

Native Rajah. "He was a great man."

Humble Sahib. "Maharaj. You have honored the memory of my father, and exalted it in my esteem, by expressing such an opinion."

Native Rajah. "And your mother? She lives?"

Humble Sahib. "By the goodness of God, such is the case."

Native Rajah. "She is a very handsome woman?"

Humble Sahib. "On that point, Maharaj, I cannot offer an opinion."

Native Rajah. "You need not do so. To look in your face is quite sufficient. I would give a crore of rupees (one million sterling) to see her only for one moment, and say how much I admired the intelligent countenance of her son. I am going to England next year. Will the Sahib favor me with her address?"

Humble Sahib. "Maharaj."

Here the Native Rajah calls to the moonshee to bring pen, ink, and paper. The moonshee comes, sits before me, pen in hand, looks inquiringly into my eyes, and I dictate as follows, laughing inwardly all the while: "Lady Bombazine, Munaymunt ka uper, Peccadillevance, Belgrave Isqueere, Sunjone wood-Cumberwill;" which signifies this: "Lady Bombazine, on the top of the Monument, in Piccadilly, Belgrave Square, St. John's wood, Camberwell." This mystification must be excused by the plea that the Rajah's intentions are as truthful as Lady Bombazine's address.

The Maharajah then gives instructions that that document shall be preserved among his most important papers, and resumes the conversation.

Native Rajah. "The Sahib has eaten well?"

Humble Sahib. "Maharaj."

Native Rajah. "And drank?"

Humble Sahib. "Maharaj."

Native Rajah. "The Sahib will smoke hookah?"

Humble Sahib. "The Maharajah is very good."

A hookah is called for by the Rajah; and then at least a dozen voices repeat the order: "Hookah lao Sahib ke waste" (Bring a hookah for the Sahib). Presently the hookah is brought in. It is rather a grand affair, but old, and has evidently belonged to some European of extravagant habits. Of course, no native would smoke out of it (on the ground of caste), and it is evidently kept for the use of the Sahib logue.*

While I am puffing away at the hookah, the mussahibs, or favorites of the Rajah, flatter me, in very audible whispers. "How well he smokes!" "What a fine forehead he has!" "And his eyes! how they sparkle!" "No wonder he is so clever!" "He will be governor-general some day." "Khuda-kurin!" (God will have it so).

Native Rajah. "Sahib, when you become governor-general, you will be a friend to the poor?"

Humble Sahib (speaking from the bottom of his heart). "Most assuredly, Maharaj."

Native Rajah. "And you will listen to the petition of every man, rich and poor alike."

Humble Sahib. "It will be my duty so to do."

Native Rajah (in a loud voice). "Moonshee!"

Moonshee (who is close at hand). "Maharaj, Protector of the Poor."

Native Rajah. "Bring the petition that I have laid before the Governor-General."

The Moonshee produces the petition, and at the instance of the Rajah, reads, or rather sings it aloud. The Rajah listens with pleasure to its recital of his own wrongs, and I affect to be astounded that so much injustice can possibly exist. During my rambles in India, I have been the guest of some scores of rajahs, great and small; and I never knew one who had not a grievance. He had either been wronged by the government, or by some judge, whose decision had been against him. In the matter of the government, it was a sheer love of oppression that led to the evil of which he complained; in the matter of the judge, that functionary had been bribed by the other party.

It was with great difficulty that I kept my eyes open while the petition—a very long one—was read aloud. Shortly after it was finished, I craved permission to retire, and was conducted by a bearer to the sleeping room, in the centre of which was a huge bedstead—a four-poster—but devoid of curtains. On either side were large looking-glasses in gilt frames; not suspended on the walls, but placed against them. Over the bed was a punkah, which was immediately set in motion. The movement of the punkah served a double purpose. It cooled the room and drove away the mosquitoes. Having thrown myself on the bed, the bearer, who was in attendance, inquired if I would be shampooed? This was a luxury to which I was always partial; and, having signified that I desired it, four men were shouted for. Each took an arm or a leg, and began to press it, and crack the knuckle joints of my fingers and toes. This continued for an hour, when I fell asleep, and did not wake until eight o'clock on the following morning; when I was waited upon by the khansamah, who wished to know my pleasure with respect to breakfast. He informed me that he had "Futnum and Meesum's," Yorkshire pie, game pie, anchovy toast, mutton chop, steak, sardines—in short, all that the sahib logue were accustomed to take for breakfast.

My breakfast over and my hookah smoked, I lighted a cheroot, and walked out into a verandah, where I was soon joined by some of the Maharajah's favorites and dependants; who poured into my ear a repetition of the flattery to which I had listened on the previous night. It is not very tedious when you become used to it, and know that it is a matter of course, and is applied to every European guest of any real or supposed importance. Whilst thus engaged, smoking and listening, I was joined by the Maharajah, who held in his hand the Delhi Gazette, the Mofussilite, and the Calcutta Englishman.—Of their entire contents he had been made acquainted by a half-caste, whom he kept (so he informed me) for the sole purpose of translating orally, into Hindoostanee, the Indian journals and the government gazettes, published in the English language. There was no occasion for me to read these papers, for the Maharajah gave me a very accurate resumé of them; having done this, he asked me to play a game of billiards? I am not a bad billiard player. On the contrary, I have the vanity to think that I play remarkably well: but it was quite evident to me that the Maharajah did not play his best, and that he suffered me to beat him as easily as I did—simply out of what he considered to be politeness. All the while we were playing, the favorites or courtiers of the Maharajah were praising us both. Neither of us made a stroke—good or bad—that did not bring down a shower of compliments. My impression is, that if I had ran a cue, and cut the cloth at the same time, the bystanders would have shouted in praise of my skill and execution. I had already seen enough of native character to know exactly how I was to act. I feigned to be charmed with my success—childishly charmed. Whilst I was thus (to the delight of my host) ostensibly revelling in my triumph, the marker—a native, a Hindoo—took up a cue, and began to knock the balls about. He cannoned all over the table, went in off the red and white, screwed back under the cushion, and, in short, did whatever he pleased, and with perfect ease.

I could not help expressing to the rajah my astonishment at the Hindoo marker's skill, whereupon he informed me that, when he was a mere boy, he had been taught by the best player (an officer in the Light Cavalry) that ever came to India, and that for several years past he had been marker at various mess-rooms where billiards were played. The name of this Hindoo Jonathan was Runjeet. He was six-and-twenty years of age, about five feet five in height, remarkably slim, had a very handsome face, and eyes full of fire and spirit. He was for a long time marker to the Horse Artillery mess at Meerut, where I once saw him play a game with an officer celebrated for his skill. Runjeet gave his adversary sixty points out of a hundred, and won easily. What with his pay or salary, the presents he received from gentlemen to whom he taught the game, and the gold mohurs that he occasionally had given to him when he won bets for his backers, Runjeet was in possession of some six hundred pounds a-year; but he was so extravagant in his habits, that he spent every anna, and died, I was told, "not worth money enough to buy the wood to burn him."

The Maharajah, on leaving the billiard-room, invited me to accompany him to Cawnpore. I acquiesced, and the carriage was ordered. The carriage was English built—a very handsome landau—and the horses were English horses; but the harness! It was country made, of the very commonest kind, and worn out; for one of the traces was a piece of rope. The coachman was filthy in his dress, and the whip that he carried in his hand was an old broken buggy whip, which some European gentleman must have thrown away. On the box, on either side of the coachman, sat a warlike retainer, armed with a sword and a dagger. In the rumble were two other retainers, armed in the same manner. Besides the rajah and myself, there were three others (natives and relatives of the rajah) in the vehicle. On the road the rajah talked incessantly, and among other things that he told me was this—in reference to the praises that I bestowed on his equipage:

"Not long ago I had a carriage and horses very superior to these. They cost me twenty-five thousand rupees; but I had to burn the carriage and kill the horses."

"Why so?"

"The child of a certain Sahib in Cawnpore was very sick, and the Sahib and the Memsahib were bringing the child to Bhitoor for a change of air. I sent my big carriage for them. On the road the child died; and, of course, as a dead body had been in the carriage, and as the horses had drawn that dead body in that carriage, I could never use them again."

The reader must understand that a native of any rank considers it a disgrace to sell property.

"But could you not have given the horses to some friend—a Christian or a Mussulman?"

"No; had I done so, it might have come to the knowledge of the Sahib, and his feelings would have been hurt at having occasioned me such a loss."

Such was the Maharajah, commonly known as Nena Sahib. He appeared to be not a man of ability, nor a fool. He was selfish, but what native is not? He seemed to be far from a bigot in matters of religion; and, although he was compelled to be so very particular about the destruction of his carriage and horses, I am quite satisfied that he drank brandy, and that he smoked hemp in the chillum of his hookah.

It was half-past five o'clock when we arrived at Cawnpore. The officers, civil and military, and their wives, were just coming out for their evening drive on the mall. Some were in carriages, some in buggies, some on horseback.—Every soul saluted the Maharajah; who returned the salute according to Eastern fashion—raising the hands to the forehead. Several gentlemen approached the carriage when it was drawn up near the band-stand, and inquired after the Maharajah's health. He replied that it was good; and then introduced me to them in the following manner, and in strict accordance with the letter he had received from Lucknow: "This Sahib who sits near me is a great friend of the Governor-General, and is a relation of all the members of Council—a constant guest of the Queen of England" (then came this addition of his own) "and of both Houses of Parliament." I need scarcely say that I wished my Lucknow friends had not covered me with such recommendations; for, wherever we went, and to whomsoever we spoke—no matter whether it was an European shopkeeper or an official magnate of Cawnpore—I was doomed to hear, "This Sahib who sits (or stands) near me is a great friend," &c., &c. Having exhibited me sufficiently in Cawnpore, the heads of the horses were turned towards Bhitoor, and we were dragged along the road at a slow pace, for the animals were extremely fatigued. The natives of India have no mercy on their cattle, especially their horses.—During the ride back, I was again bored with the rajah's grievance; and to quiet him—for he became very much excited—I was induced to promise that I would talk to the Governor-General and the Council on the subject; and that if I did not succeed in that quarter, I would, on my return to England, take the earliest opportunity, "some day, quietly, after dinner" (this was his suggestion), of representing to her Majesty the exact state of the case, and that an adopted son of a Hindoo was entitled to all the rights and privileges of an heir born of the body. I furthermore promised him most solemnly that I would not speak to the Board of Control, or to the Privy Council on the subject; for the Maharajah assured me that he had the most positive proof that both these institutions had eaten bribes from the hand of the East India Company in respect to his claim. On probing him, however, I discovered that his positive proof was a letter from a villainous agent in England, who had written to him to say that "the Company had bribed the Board of Control and the Privy Council, and that if his Highness expected to succeed, he must bribe over the head of the Company. Three lacs (thirty thousand pounds) would do it all."

The Maharajah gave a nautch (native dance by women) that night.

On the following morning I awoke with a very bad headache, and in a philosophic mood. The various perfumes which had been sprinkled over my dress had somewhat overpowered me, and it may have been that the story told me in whispers by one of the three slaves who came to sing me to sleep had disordered my imagination. I was told that two women of rank were kept in a den not far from my apartments, and treated like wild beasts; and a third—a beautiful young creature—had recently been "bricked up in a wall," for no other fault than attempting to escape.

After breakfast the rajah showed me his elephants, his camels, his horses, his dogs, his pigeons, his falcons, his wild asses, his apes, his aviary full of birds, and all the rest of his curiosities. Then he exhibited his guns and pistols—by Purdy, Egg, and other celebrated makers—his swords and his daggers, of every country and age, and when he had observed that he was very happy, under the influence of some stimulant recently imbibed, I took an opportunity of discoursing on the vanity of human wishes, and especially with reference to his Highness's grievance. I translated many sentences of Juvenal and Horace into Hindoostanee: but, I regret to say, they had no effect on Nena Sahib.

☞ The Abbe de Voisenon was one day in company with Racine the younger at the house of Voltaire, who was reading to them his tragedy of Alzire. Racine, thinking he recognized one of his own verses, kept repeating between his teeth, "That verse is mine." The Abbe, growing impatient at this continued murmur, went up to Voltaire and said, "Give him his verse and let him go!"

* The word "logue" simply signifies people; but, when applied as above, it is nothing more than a plural. "Sahib logue" (sahibs) "memlogue" (ladies "baba logue" (children).

NEWS ITEMS.

TO KEEP CABBAGES.—Dig a trench eighteen inches wide and four or six inches deep if the soil is dry; if not place them on the surface; place a laying of straw, and on this set the cabbage heads, roots up, then cover the heads up with short straw and earth. In this way a head may be taken out at any time, the straw preventing the earth adhering to the plants.

THE NIGER EXPEDITION.—The last English expedition which ascended the Niger, penetrated 300 miles further into the interior than any former one, into a vast prairie country, hardly broken by trees. This party carried a physician who had learned successfully to combat the fearful African fevers. Before the steamer crossed the bar at the river's mouth, he commenced *giving quinine to every man on board, in doses of about six grains.* These were given every day, and this was continued for sixteen weeks, or all the time that the expedition was in the river, and was even kept up for a fortnight after it had crossed the bar again, and was out in the open sea. The result was that it did not lose a man. The scourge of Africa was completely disarmed.

MINISTERS MUST NOT PLAY AT TEN-PINS.—Two Methodist ministers in North Carolina, Messrs. Edwards and Rosser, have been "disciplined" for indulgence in the game of ten-pins at the Virginia Springs last summer. They pleaded guilty, expressed regret for the act, stated that they were not conscious of intention to do wrong, and promised not to do so any more. The Conference which tried them, in session at Elizabeth City, accepted the acknowledgment, and permitted them to continue their functions.

MORE SORGHO SUGAR.—Since our last issue, says the Scientific American, we have received another sample of crystallized sugar, made from the juice of the Sorgho sugar cane, by D. M. Cook, of Mansfield, Ohio. By the use of a peculiar evaporator, he states that he found no difficulty in crystallizing the syrup of this cane. He asserts that the Sorgho can be ripened throughout all the Northern States, and that its juice is as crystallizable a saccharine project as that of the common sugar cane. He also affirms that with proper cultivation it will yield 1,000 pounds of sugar to the acre, and may reach double this amount.

BAD NEWS FOR SHERRY DRINKERS.—Spanish papers announce that the produce of wine in the Xeres districts have suffered very much from the "oïdium," and that in some places the crop has almost entirely failed.

A CLERGYMAN ASSAULTED.—The Rochester (N. Y.) Union says:—The Rev. *Mr. Hanrigan*, of Binghampton, last Saturday felt it his duty to publicly reprimand one Michael Quigly. For this he was assaulted by Quigly in the street, kicked and threatened with a pistol. The assailant was arrested and held to bail in the sum of $500 to answer, and in the further sum of $500 to keep the peace.

ONE of the churches in Boston, Mass., has recently discharged the choir, in order to save money.

PORK.—The Glasgow (Ky.) Times says:—"We understand some sales of pork have been made at $3 per hundred for hogs weighing 200 pounds and over. Offers at this figure have been frequent the past week, and we presume will be about the ruling rate for the above description of hogs; those of less size, a fraction less.

A YOUTHFUL MURDERER SENTENCED.—Joshua Eaton, *Jr.*, a boy, 14 years of age, has been sentenced to the New Hampshire State prison for six years, to be kept to hard labor, for shooting Gen. Elisha Sweatt, aged 15, in Sandwich, N. H., last July. Young Eaton was indicted for murder by the Grand Jury, but was allowed to plead guilty of manslaughter.

CORN SPOILING.—The Charlottesville (Ala.) Advocate says:—"Many of our farmers have ascertained that much of the corn they stowed away this fall has spoiled in the bulk. This is doubtless solely due to the fact that the corn crop was much later making than usual, and was not sufficiently dry when housed.

HEAVY THUNDER SHOWER.—The Belfast (Me.) Age speaks of a heavy thunder shower which passed over that city on Friday of last week, and states that the lightning struck the house of Mr. Abner Harmond, in Northport, Little River, and completely demolished it. The family of Mr. Harmond had a most miraculous escape from instant death.

DRESS AT THE FRENCH COURT.—The progress of extravagance in dress has provoked a slight counter demonstration on the part of the French Court. Last year it was understood that no lady invited to Compiegne could appear twice in the same dress. This season it has been intimated that the reappearance of a dress once in the course of a week will be not only tolerated but approved. The consequence is that ladies invited to pass a week at Compiegne pack up eight dresses instead of sixteen.

IRELAND OUTDONE.—The Taylor County (Va.) Court must have been freshly imported, judging from the tenor and spirit of a resolution recently adopted by that august tribunal, which, says the Petersburg Gazette, smacks strongly of the "ould country," viz.: "That the June term of this Court shall be held in May, and the November term in December." If any son of the sod can yoke a pair of bulls to beat the above, let him drive them along.

THE Wire-Grass Reporter, published at Thomasville, Ga., says that the deer in the counties of Irwin and Worth, in that State, are dying in great numbers. Many have been found dead in the woods, and many others caught by dogs after a short chase. A hunter discovered a large buck by hearing him cough, a few days since, and killed him. He was diseased. The blood was thin and watery, and the joints seemed to be bloodshot. The deer are dying to vast numbers in Thomas, Colquitt, and Baker, as well as in Irwin and Worth.

A LUCKY YANKEE.—The Greenfield, Mass., Gazette says that Charles H. Goodwin, formerly an engineer in A. K. Spooner & Co.'s blind factory in that place, goes to England in the next steamer to look after an estate of $500,000 left to himself, his father and his aunt, by a brother of his father lately deceased at London.

THE Coroner of New Orleans, La., has now a fixed salary of $7,000 per annum, in lieu of the fees of office as formerly.

THE La Crosse and Milwaukie Railroad Company is said to have declined an offer of from $6,000,000 to $8,000,000 for the lands granted by Congress to that work.

REV. J. H. Kallock, a noted Boston preacher, has resigned his pastoral charge there, and intends to become a lawyer either there or in Kansas.

JOHN CALHOUN, President of the Convention which framed the Lecompton-Kansas Constitution, is a native of Boston, Mass., and emigrated to Kansas from Illinois.

A LETTER (says the Literary Gazette) has just been received from Madame Ida Pfeiffer, from Tamarive, in Madagascar, in which she says that she is in good health, and has been extremely well received in the island. The day previously she had been invited to court, to play on the piano-forte, and had given so much satisfaction that she was immediately presented with a quantity of fowls and eggs in recognition of her musical powers.

WE are told that Madame Goldschmidt has reconsidered her farewell intentions by singing at Leipsic.—*London Athenæum.*

THE Illinois papers publish a call for a meeting of the cultivators of the Chinese sugar-cane in that State, to be held at the office of the State Agricultural Society, in Springfield, on the 7th day of January. The Springfield Journal says that the growing of the sorghum, and the expression and manufacture of its juice into syrup, has been highly successful in Illinois in the season just closing. A comparison of "notes" by practical cultivators, on the subject of this new branch of agriculture at the North, cannot fail to be both interesting and profitable.

THE Baton Rouge (La.) Advocate says that the planters of West Baton Rouge give a gloomy account of their prospects. They state that their cane crop has been injured twenty-five per cent. by the summer-like weather which had succeeded to cold nights and heavy frosts. They mentioned one plantation where a yield of 1,000 to 1,200 pounds only to the acre is anticipated, where double that yield was calculated on a few days before.

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THE BOY HUSBAND.—Ten months ago a Don Juan of but seventeen autumns came to St. Louis from Muscatine, Iowa, and became enamored of a nice young lady, the cherished daughter of highly respected parents, living in Fifteenth street, between Wash and Carr streets. Briefly he won her, and they were married. The months flew swiftly and happily till a few days since, when the fond stripling's pa arrived from Muscatine. The kind parent tenderly assured his son that he had probably many years yet to live, and ought wisely to prepare for a long and prosperous life. To this end he conceived that the period of preparation for the life-long battle for competency and independence should not be wasted in domestic endearments, and he therefore felt it his duty to use his parental authority in insisting that his son should return to his native town, leaving for a few years his chosen, *to learn a trade!* The youth remonstrated, but his sire was inexorable. He has therefore gone home to become a man, a process which, if we mistake not, will be completed in an unprecedentedly short period of time.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

PUBLIC ROBBERY.—A Committee of Councils has been investigating the conduct of the Board of Health in this city, and the result is the discovery of enormous peculations and fraud. Immense sums of money have been drained from the public treasury, under cover of fictitious bills paid to fictitious firms, and on various pretences, which money seems to have been expended in boundless eating, drinking, smoking, carriage-hire, etc., by several members of the Board. Some idea of the extent of the fraud may be gathered from a single instance where the bills rendered for a single job, originally estimated to cost $900, amounted to nearly $25,000, of which $11,531 has already been paid. It is proposed to abolish, and reorganize the Board on a new plan.

MANUFACTURE OF COTTON SEED.—Oil for illuminating purposes, made from cotton seed, has been introduced into this vicinity, and is much preferred to whale oil. Its cost at retail is about $1,25 per gallon. This oil is manufactured at an establishment in Providence. The hulls of the seed are first taken off, and those are made into sheathing paper, while the remains, after pressing for oil, make a good article of oil cake for cattle. Thus the hitherto useless cotton seed is converted into three useful articles.—*Woonsocket, Rhode Island, Patriot.*

NOTHING ELSE DOES ME ANY GOOD.

LANCASTER C. H., S. C., May, 1855.

Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philada. Dear Sir.—I have been afflicted with Dyspepsia for a number of years, and until three years since I could find nothing which would afford me relief. Fortunately for me, I heard of "Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters," and thought I would try them, not, however, with much faith that I should be benefitted by their use.

To my surprise I found that on taking a few doses I was relieved of the pain in my side and chest, my appetite became good, I gained strength, and in fact felt stronger and in better health than I had for a long time. I do not allow myself to be out of the Bitters if I can obtain them, for *nothing else does me any good.* I am willing at all times and ready to state my case to any one who may wish to know the full particulars, and shall with pleasure recommend them to all who may be afflicted with Dyspepsia or Liver Complaint, for I believe if anything will give them relief they will be relieved by Hoofland's German Bitters. Many persons in this district have used the Bitters with beneficial results, and I have no doubt you could get a number of certificates were you to ask them, for to my certain knowledge quite a number have been very much benefitted by the use of your medicine.

I almost forgot to mention that my daughter, about six years of age, was cured of *Jaundice* by Hoofland's German Bitters. I thank best to mention this, as I have never known them used in any other case of the kind.

Respectfully yours, A. BALES.
Witness, J. D. Glenn. *Silversmith.*

These Bitters are prepared by Dr. C. M. JACKSON, 418 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., and are sold at 75 cents per bottle, by druggists and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States, Canadas, and South America.

A MEDICINE, scientifically compounded, which performs all it promises, and is recommended by persons of the highest respectability, deserves our confidence. Such a medicine is the *Oxygenated Bitters.* Sure cure for Dyspepsia.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov28-tf

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WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS.—The Flour market has presented a very quiet aspect the past week, and with unfavorable advices from Europe, and liberal supplies, prices have fallen off 12½ to 25c ₱ bbl. The export demand has been quite limited, and only 1000 barrels have been disposed of at $5@5.25 for mixed and good brands, and $5.25@5.75 for extra, including some extra family at the latter quotation; 500 barrels William B. Thomas's brand at $5.31, and 500 barrels on terms not made public. The sales for the supply of the retailers and bakers have been limited at $5.12½ to $5.75 for common superfine and good extra, and $5.87½@6.50 for extra family and fancy lots. Rye Flour has declined; 200 barrels sold at $4.25@4.37½. Corn Meal has been dull. Sales of 100 barrels Penna. at 33 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN.—There has been a fair amount of Wheat coming forward this week, but the demand for it has been limited, and prices have declined 5@6c ₱ bus. Sales of 23,000 bushels from store at for inferior and damaged, to $1.22 for prime red, and $1.15@1.40 for white, closing at $1.15@1.18 for prime red, and $1.25@1.30 for white. Rye has been in good request, and 3000 bushels sold at 74c for Delaware, and 75c for Pennsylvania. There was a good demand for Corn early in the week, but at the close the market was dull. Sales of 32,000 bushels at 77@78c for old yellow; 58@65c for new, according to dryness, closing at our lowest figures. Oats [illegible] five at the close, and lower. 16,000 bushels Southern and Pennsylvania sold at 33@37c ₱ bus, closing at the former rates.

PROVISIONS.—Prices are drooping for all descriptions. Supplies have commenced coming forward from the West, but the stocks are too small to admit of any extensive transactions in any description. Sales of 100 barrels Mess Pork at $17@18 ₱ bbl, cash and short time—the latter rate for City Packed. Beef sells slowly, to a small way, for ship stores, at our quotations. About 300 Dead Hogs sold at 6¼@6¾c, cash. Bacon continues very quiet, and prices are about nominal—there being very little demand, and but little offering. Small sales of Hams at 10@11c, and Shoulders at 10½c ₱ lb, short time. Green Salted Meats have commenced coming forward, and prices are lower. Sales of 100 casks; Hams in dry salt at 9¼c, and Shoulders at 8@8¼c, 60 days. Lard—The demand continues limited. Some lots of new have been received, and sold at 10¾@11¼c ₱ lb, cash, for barrels, and 12¼c for kegs. Inferior lots and in irregular packages have been sold at 9¼@10c. Butter has been in better request, and prices have advanced. Sales of solid packed Western at 13@14c, and Roll at 16@20c ₱ lb, cash.

BARK.—The demand for Quercitron Bark has fallen off, and prices are $1 lower. Sales of 60 hhds No 1 at $30@27 ₱ ton, closing at the lowest figure. Nothing doing in Tanners' Bark, and little or none offering.

BEESWAX.—Not much offering. Small sales of yellow at 27c ₱ lb, cash.

CANDLES.—There has been a steady inquiry for Adamantine, with further sales of city manufactured at 20c ₱ lb, 4 mos. Sperm and Tallow sell slowly at former quotations.

COAL.—But little doing. Supplies by canal have about ceased, and the receipts by railroad have been moderate. There has been only a limited inquiry both for shipment and home consumption, but without change from our former quotations. Colliers are in good supply. The last sale of Bituminous Coal was at 17c ₱ bush.

COFFEE.—The market has been very quiet; sales of 500 bags Rio at 9¾@10¼c ₱ lb, on time. By auction Messrs. Dutilh, Cook & Co sold 2129 bags Rio Coffee at 9¾@10¾c ₱ lb on time, averaging 10.04. There was a good attendance of buyers, and the bidding was spirited. The stock on the 1st instant was 19,295 bags against 17,000 at the same period last year. Of the stock now on hand 10,863 bags are Rio, and 2200 bags of other descriptions.

COTTON.—The receipts are trifling. The market has been extremely quiet, partly owing to the want of supplies to operate [illegible]. Sales of 110 bales at 13 to 14¼c ₱ lb, cash. The stock is reduced to a few hundred bales.

COPPER.—The demand has been limited for both Sheathing Copper and Yellow Metal, but prices are unchanged.

DRUGS AND DYES.—There has been very little doing, and no essential change to notice in prices. Small sales of Soda Ash at 2½@3c ₱ lb, 6 months. A cargo of St. Domingo Logwood sold last week at a price kept private.

FEATHERS.—Are dull, and good Western are selling in a small way from 45 to 50c ₱ lb, cash.

FISH.—Mackerel continues very dull, and prices 25c lower. The sales are confined to small lots from store at $14.50@15 ₱ bbl for No 1's; $10.50@11 for No 2's, and $8@9.50 for large No 3's. Codfish are unchanged. An invoice of 300 barrels Pickled Herring sold from the wharf at $3,75 ₱ lb, and small lots from store at $4.

FRUIT.—There has been a steady inquiry for M. R. Raisins, and further sales of 2000 packages have been made within the range of our former quotations. A sale of Currants was made at 13c ₱ lb, on time. Domestic Fruit is abundant. Green Apples are selling from $1.50 to $1.75 ₱ bbl. Dried Apples range from 6 to 7½c ₱ lb, as in quality. Dried Peaches are dull. Cranberries are selling at $7@9 ₱ bbl.

GINSENG.—There is very little doing. A small lot of crude sold at 50c ₱ lb, cash.

GUANO.—There has been nothing doing, but we continue former quotations.

HEMP.—But little stock here, and no sales have come under our notice.

HIDES.—Are very dull, and no transactions have been reported.

HOPS.—Are in a little better demand, but prices are unchanged. Small sales of new crop Eastern and Western at 9@12c ₱ lb.

INDIGO.—Is held firmly, but the sales have been unimportant. A small lot of Bengal sold at $1.50.

IRON.—There has been very little inquiry for Pig Metal. Sales of 3400 tons, in lots, at $24.50@25 for No 1; $21 for No 2, and $22 for No 3—all 6 months. The cash prices are $22@23, $21 and $20. 400 tons Forged sold at $33.50. In Scotch Pig nothing doing, and prices are nominal. Blooms are held firmly at our quotations. A small sale of Charcoal at 3c, cash, and Northern at 3½. In Bar Iron the sales have been on a very restricted scale. Roller Iron sells slowly at 5c for No. 1 and 4c for No. 2.

LEAD.—Continues dull, and no sales of domestic have come under our notice. A sale of English at $5.56 ₱ 4 months, without interest.

LEATHER.—There has been a fair inquiry for light Slaughter, but other kinds are dull.

LUMBER.—There is very little demand for any description, and prices are a out nominal. A sale of 10,000 Red Oak Hogshead and Barrel Staves was made on private terms.

MOLASSES.—The market has been extremely quiet, and the only transaction reported is a lot of 100 bbls Trinidad Muscovado at 25c, on time. 24 bbls, 100 bbls Cuba, by auction at 22@23c, and 92 bbls New York Syrup at 26@31c, cash.

NAVAL STORES.—In Tar and Pitch nothing doing; A sale of No 2 Rosin at $2,25 ₱ bbl, and Fine at $3@4,50. Spirits of Turpentine is scarce, and prices are steadily maintained. Small sales at 47@48c, cash.

OILS.—The demand for Linseed Oil has been limited at the decline noted last week. Small sales at 55c, on time. There is a steady store demand for Crude and Refined Whale Oil at our quotations, but Winter Sperm is dull. Lard Oil comes forward slowly, and the stock is extremely light. Sales of Winter at 95@ $1 60 days. The stock of Red Oil is very much reduced, and 80c, cash, is the asking rate.

PLASTER.—Is scarce, and 3ull is wanted at $3 ₱ ton.

RICE.—There is but little here and but little demand for it. Sales of 120 casks at 3¾@3¾c ₱ lb, 4 mos.

SEEDS.—Clover-seed comes forward more freely, and sells on arrival. Sales of 500 bush at $5.25@5.62½ ₱ 64 lbs, and 200 bags recleaned, to go out of the market, on terms not made public. Flaxseed is more inquired for, but there is very little offering. In Timothy nothing doing.

SPICES.—The sales have been unimportant.

SPIRITS.—There has been a moderate inquiry for Brandy and Gin, without change in prices. N. E. Rum sells from 36 to 38c. Whiskey has been in fair demand; sales of barrels at 22½@23½c; hhds at 22@ 22½c, and Drudge at 21½c.

SUGARS.—The market is firmer under the favorable European advices, and accounts of the fruit in Louisiana, and there is a better feeling. Sales of 1100 hhds Cuba at 5 7/16c; 250 boxes Havana on private terms, and some Porto Rico at 7½c ₱ lb, on time.

TALLOW.—Has been in steady request, with sales of City Rendered at 9¼@9½c ₱ lb, cash.

TEAS.—Prices are steady, but there has been very little inquiry.

TOBACCO.—The sales of both Leaf and Manufactured have been only in a small way, without change in prices.

WINES.—No sales worthy of notice have been reported.

WOOL.—Is held with increased firmness, but the demand continues limited. Sales of 15,000 pounds Pulled—part at 36@37c ₱ lb, and part on private terms.

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. ELLIS M. GAWTHEY, of Chester county, to Miss HARRIET J. McCALL, of Del. county.

In this city, on the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. D. H. Cheney, Mr. JOHN W. SMITH, of Wilmington, Del. to Miss MARY L. WALTON, of Chester county, Pa.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. J. R. Anderson, Mr. JOHN W. HARKER, to Miss MARY A. TWIST, all of Philadelphia.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. Anthony Atwood, Mr. JOHN L. MOHR, to ELEANOR C. DERBY, both of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Benj. F. Templeton, Mr. WILLIAM MADISON, to Miss OLIVIA G. WILSON, both of Washington, D. C.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. John B. Dales, Mr. ROBERT WYLIE, of Conshohocken, Pa. to Miss ELIZABETH STEWART, of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. R. Conrad, Mr. ARTHUR M'CRISTLISK, to Miss JANE DEVLIN, both of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Cheesman, Mr. WILLIAM STEWART, to Miss NANCY VANCE, both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. J. G. Shinn, Mr. REUBEN G. DOBSON, to Miss MARY A. GUTTY, both of Philadelphia.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Thomas C. Murphy, SAMUEL D. COLES, to MARY C. RIGGINS, both of Camden county, N. J.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Anthony Atwood, Mr. GEORGE BYER, to Miss MARTHA JOHNSTON, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 30th ultimo, Mrs. MARIA S. WALTON, wife of W. F. Walton, aged 34 years.
On the 28th ultimo, JOSEPH AMBER, aged 21 years.
On the 1st instant, SUSAN P. HIGBEE, aged 34 years.
On the 1st instant, THOMAS HELMS, Jr. aged 24 years and 3 months.
On the 30th ultimo, in Bucks county, Mr. HARVEY W. ADAIR, aged 38 years.
On the 1st instant, WILLIAM PRIEST, aged 17 years.
On the 1st instant, ROBERT ANDERSON, aged 22 years.
On the 30th ultimo, Mr. THOMAS WILCOCK, aged 38.
On the 26th ultimo, MARY EVERETT, aged 19 years.
On the 1st instant, SUSAN, widow of the late Andrew Manderson, aged 79 years.
On the 1st instant, ANN COYNE, aged 31 years.
On the 1st instant, Mr. SAMUEL FORING, aged 44.
On the 29th ultimo, SAMUEL LUTTERBEY, aged 31.
On the 29th ultimo, WILLIAM W. son of John Cook, aged 25 years.
On the 29th ultimo, Mrs. SARAH SENDERLING, aged 62 years.
On the 28th ultimo, at Washington City, D. C., WILLIAM B. DE BRUHL, aged 22 years.
On the 26th ultimo, HESTER FORD, aged 81 years.
On the 23d ultimo, Mrs. SUSAN SILVERS, aged 48.
On the 26th ultimo, Mrs. HANNAH WALLES, aged 65.
On the 27th ultimo, Rev. ADAM S. DRUCK, aged 46.
On the 20th ultimo, JAMES C. COPPER, aged 69 years.
At Burlington, N. J. on the 11th mo. 29th ultimo, ELIZABETH PROCKER, aged 52 years.

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"*Chestnut Cottage, Nov. 10, 1857.*"

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ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821.

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Wit and Humor.

COULD NOT STAND IT.—Away down in Thomas county, Georgia, lives a curious couple—a Mr. and Mrs. L———. She is the man of the two; and such a bundle of contradictions is she, that, being a coarse, hard, masculine female, she adds to those attractions the idea that she is also a *poet*. Her simple soul of a husband thinks she is inspired to write verses, and that Watts and Byron are nothing to Mrs. L———. They had one of the nicest waiting-maids that ever was; a treasure of a colored girl, who had but one fault—she would run away Saturday night and stay till Monday. Gentle correction and sharp rebukes would not cure her, nor would she give any reason for her strange conduct. Her master at length threatened her with a sound whipping if she didn't tell him why she ran away, and promised to forgive her if she would own up and do so no more.

"Well, now, massa, I'll jest tell de troot, all about it. Ole missus, she make me sit all day Sunday and hear her read psalms and hymns, what she been done writing all de week: and I tink de angels would run out of Hebben if they had to hear sich psalms and hymns as ole missus makes. I can't stan' it no how, and must run away if she kills me for it."

INCIDENT OF THE LATE DISASTER.—In the recent railroad disaster to a freight train on the New York Central, a tall, slab-sided, lank-haired Yankee drover was along with six horses in the car which was precipitated down the embankment. It rolled over and over until it reached the bottom of the hollow below, and rested upon its side. In a minute or two, the terrible sublimity of the scene was broken, and the consternation of the spectators changed to mirth upon seeing the door of the upset car thrown open and the head and body of the Vermont drover projecting out of it; his elongated physiognomy expressing the most unmitigated astonishment.

"*What on airth*," he exclaimed, "*are ye doin on?*"

The effect was irresistibly comic, and the spectators had to laugh, in spite of the calamity.

THE SOBER SECOND THOUGHT.—A pious old gentleman, one of the salt of the earth sort, went out into the field to catch a mare that was wont to bear him to town. He moved on the most approved mode. He shook a measure of corn at her, to delude her into the belief that she was to get it; but she was not to be deceived by any such specious act. She would come nigh, and then dash off again, until the good man was fretted very badly. At last he got her in a corner among some briers, and made a dash at her, when she bounded over the wall, and left him sprawling among the bushes. His Christian fortitude gave way at this, and gathering himself up, he cried, "oh, hell!"—the ejaculation had passed his lips before he thought, but immediately conscious of its wickedness, he said—"lelujah!" and thus adroitly translated the profane word into a note of triumph.—*Boston Gazette.*

A SNAKE STORY.—The following anecdote *is a fact*. It was told by a gentleman who witnessed it:

"An Indian came to a certain 'agency' in the northern part of Iowa, to procure some whiskey for a young warrior, who had, as he said, been bitten by a rattlesnake. At first, the 'agent' did not credit his story, but the earnestness of the Indian, and the urgency of the case, overcame his scruples, and turning to get the liquor, he asked the Indian how much he wanted? 'Four quart,' answered Indian. 'Four quarts!' asked the 'agent,' in surprise; 'so much as that!' 'Yes, replied the Indian, speaking through his set teeth, and frowning as savagely as though about to wage a war of extermination on the whole snake tribe, 'four quart—*snake very big!*'"

NOT BAD.—The following story is told by the *Mobile Tribune*, of Judge Hawkins, the representative to Congress from the State of Florida; man, by the way, brimful of genuine wit. During the war with the Florida Indians, he commanded a volunteer company. On one occasion, they fell upon a party of the enemy concealed in a swamp. The Captain sprung upon a log, (with more valor than discretion,) waived his sword, and cheered his men to the charge. Just then he was shot down. One of his officers ran to ask him if he was much hurt—"Not very badly," said Hawkins, "just enough to send me to Congress!" The prediction has now been verified.

A FAMILY NOT ACQUAINTED.—The *Journal of Commerce* tells the following reply of a boy to his mother:—"The father was of the *keep your children at a distance* class, and the boy, wanting a new suit, very naturally asked the mother to intercede for him. 'Why don't you ask your father yourself, my son?' said the mother. 'Why, mother, I would ask him, only I don't feel well enough acquainted with him,' was the reply."

The above reminds us of a boy who is so intimately acquainted with his father, that he calls him "Bill." This is going to the opposite extreme.

HARD TIMES INDEED.—Lately, in Glasgow, a worthy old woman was laid upon her bed, sick and faint. She had been long troubled with predilections for strong waters, and many plans and schemes did she try to obtain a small drop of these comforts. As a last and desperate resource, she sent her wee lassie to the public house with her Bible and sundry explanations. The lassie came back as she went. "Hech, sirs," exclaimed the worthy old woman, "it's fearfu' times when they neither take my word, nor the word o' God for twa gills of whiskey."

A PUNNING TRIO.—Doctors Parr, Homer, and Althorpe once met at Old Frank Smith's coffee-house, in Garrick Fair Lane, Cambridge. Homer, on the occasion, was in a very grumpy and retiring mood. At length Parr broke out with "Homer's odd I see" (Odyssey.) Althorpe quickly followed with "Homer's ill I add" (Iliad.) Homer grumpily observed, "That's above par" (Parr.)

A KNOWING BEGGAR.—A beggar posted himself at the door of the Chancery Court, and kept saying—"A penny please, sir! Only one penny, sir, before you go in!" "And why, my man!" inquired an old country gentleman. "Because, sir, the chances are, you will not have one when you come out," was the beggar's reply.—*London Punch.*

PROOF POSITIVE.—Old Zachariah Robbins lived in Wood county, Miss., and was called on to prove the insanity of a young man on trial for an assault with intent to kill. He swore that he had no doubt whatever that the prisoner was an insane man. On his cross-examination he was required to state the reasons for this opinion.

"Why, bless your life," said he, "I've known Jimmy allers, and he's allers ben a Dimicrat, and when the Dimicratic party put up their man last fall, Jimmy didn't vote for him: and I allers think that a Dimicrat that don't stick to his party ain't in his right mind!"

Jimmy was acquitted, for old Zachariah's opinion prevails very generally in that region.

ORIGIN OF FASHION.—The following items relating to fashion, have fallen under my notice, while looking over a volume of the *Hull Advertiser*:—

Hair Powder.—London and the circumjacent counties of Middlesex, Surrey and Kent, have already produced for hair powder licenses, no less than £100,000, one-half the sum at which the aggregate of the tax throughout Great Britain was estimated. The number of hair powder certificates granted in this town (Hull,) is nearly one thousand. July 11, 1795.

Straw Bonnets.—The prologue of Reynold's new comedy of "Speculation," which has been very favorably received in London, contains some very humorous allusions to the straw ornaments at present worn by the ladies:

Of the threaten'd famine, who shall now complain,
When every female forehead teems with grain?
* * * *When men of active lives*
To all their granaries, need but thrash their wives.

Nor are the matrons alone prolific:

Old maids and young, all, all are in the straw.

Nov. 21, 1795.

Feathers: the Height of Fashion.—Lady Caroline Campbell displayed in Hyde Park, the other day, a feather four feet higher than her bonnet.

January 2, 1796. K. P. D. E.

—*Notes and Queries.*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S PREDICTION OF THE GOLD DISCOVERY.—How the gallant Raleigh and the learned Hakluyt would rejoice over the explorations of our later times. The former might remind us of his prophecies, now fulfilled in the discoveries of the auriferous regions of California and Australia. "That gold and silver in large quantities," says Raleigh's biographer, "were to be come at in parts of America, not possessed by Spaniards, was a persuasion that fire could not burn out of Raleigh;" and he himself says, "there are many places of the world, especially *America*, many *high and impassable mountains*, which are very rich and full of gold;" and, relating the fable of the golden fleece, he observes, "not far from Caucasus, there are steep falling torrents, which wash down many grains of gold, *as in many other parts of the world*, and the people there inhabiting, use to set many fleeces of wool in those descents of water, in which grains of gold remain, and the water passeth through."

It is truly said, that "the superstition of one age becomes the philosophy of the next." The vague belief of a Raleigh, and the scientific deductions of a Murchison, may both precede the actual discovery of gold, but the fact at length comes to light, and then we marvel at our want of faith.

A BAD COUGH.—On the subject of office, I have an account of a political cough, which might be of use at Washington, in some of the bureaus of appointments, where some diligent seeker of office comes, so backed by worthy party services and by personal uneasiness as to make it unsafe to refuse him, and more unsafe to appoint him. In the reign of James the Second, the Earl of Castlemaine was dispatched to Rome as Extraordinary Ambassador, with a magnificent train and a most sumptuous equipage. He had several audiences of the Pope, but to little purpose, for whenever he began to talk of business, the Pope was seasonably attacked with a fit of coughing, which broke off the ambassador's discourse for that time, and obliged him to retire. These audiences and fits of coughing continued from time to time, to the great amusement of all Rome, while the Earl remained. When the Earl was recalled, the Pope was relieved of his cough.—*Cor. Intelligencer.*

A DROPPED LETTER.—A peculiar sensation is felt in dropping a letter, especially if it is one of value, into the box of a post-office. One feels a sort of revulsion, as if a part of himself, as it were, had fallen into an unfathomable abyss, never to be recovered. The act strikes the heart like destiny irreversible forever. If any error has occurred in the letter, it is entirely beyond correction; if anything happens at the instant, as there sometimes does, which ought to make a change, there is no help for it. What is done is done, and past redemption. No repentence will avail. You would have something otherwise, but it cannot be. It is too late. The missive has passed away, and is no longer yours, or subject to your alteration or control. Beware therefore.

A GANGIN' FIT IS AYE GETTIN', (Scotch).—That a going foot is always getting. "A flying crow always picks up something," (Dutch).—*Een vliegende kraai vangt altijd wat.* Profitable opportunities occur to those who put themselves in the way to meet them. But the Scotch add a rider to their proverb, which points to another view of the matter—the full form runs thus—"A gangin' fit is aye gettin', an it be only a thorn." "Look here," said Jimmy Wood, of Gloucester, accosting his cashier one morning as he entered the bank, "before you were out of bed I made half a crown, by changing this ten pound note for a traveller by the early coach." The cashier examined the note, and said, "it is a forgery."

HOMŒOPATHY.—A German doctor, of the allopathic order, once, in jest, proposed the following questions to Hahnemann, the founder of the homœopathic school:—"If the millionth part of a grain has so much efficacy, would not an ounce of the same substance, thrown into the Lake of Geneva, be sufficient to cure the whole of Switzerland?" "Sir," replied the arch professor, "the most violent storm that ever blew, would never agitate the lake in a degree sufficient to make a general solution of the medicine in the water."

☞ God rules in the market, as He does on the mountain; He has provided eternal laws for society, as He has for the stars or the seas; and it is just as impossible to escape Him or His ways in Wall Street, or State Street, as it is anywhere else.

THE RISING GENERATION.

YOUTH.—"Here's a nuisance, now! Blowed if I ain't left my cigar-case on my dressing-room table, and that young brother of mine will be smoking all my best regalias!"—*From the London Punch.*

Agricultural.

TO HAVE EGGS IN WINTER.

The question is often asked, "Why can not hens be made to lay as well in winter as in summer?" They can, to a certain extent; but they require as a condition, that they be well provided with warm and comfortable lodging, clean apartments, plenty of food, pure water, gravel, lime, fine sand, and ashes to roll and bathe in.

There seem naturally to be two seasons of the year when hens lay: early in the spring, and afterward in summer; indicating that if fowls were left to themselves, they would, like wild birds, produce two broods in a year.

Early spring-hatched birds, if kept in a warm place, and fed plentifully, and attended to, will generally commence laying about Christmas, or even somewhat earlier. In cold and damp this is not to be expected, and much may, in different seasons, depend on the state of the weather and the condition of the bird.

It is a well-known fact, that from November to February (the very time when we want eggs the most) they are to many a bill of expense, without any profit. To promote fecundity and great laying in the hen, it is necessary that they be well fed on grain, boiled potatoes given to them *warm*, and occasionally animal food. In the summer they get their supply of animal food in the form of worms and insects when suffered to run at large, unless their number is so great as to consume beyond the supply in their roving distance. I found it advantageous, in the summer, to open the gates occasionally, and give the fowls a run in the garden and in the field adjoining their yard, for a few hours in the day, when grasshoppers and other insects were plenty. I had two objects in view: one to benefit the fowls, and the other to destroy the insects. It will be found that the fecundity of the hen will be increased or diminished, according to the supply of animal food furnished.

Hens moult and cast their feathers once every year, generally commencing in August, and continuing until late in November. It is the approach, the duration, and the consequences of this period, which puts a stop to their laying. It is a critical time for all birds. All the period while it lasts, even to the time that the last feathers are replaced by new ones, till these are full grown, the wasting of the nutritive juices, prepared from the blood for the very purpose of promoting this growth, is considerable; and hence it is no wonder there should not remain enough in the body of the hen to cause her egg to grow.

Old hens cannot always be depended on for eggs in winter, they scarcely being in full feather before the last of December; and then, probably, may not begin to lay till March or April, producing not more than twenty or thirty eggs; and this is probably the cause of the disappointment of those who have supplied themselves at the markets with their stock to commence with, and get few or no eggs. As pullets do not moult the first year, they commence laying before the older hens, and by attending to the period of hatching, eggs may be produced during the year. An early brood of chickens, therefore, by being carefully sheltered from the cold and wet, and fed once a day on boiled potatoes, warm, with plenty of grain, and occasionally a little animal food, will begin to lay in the fall, or early in the winter.—*Bement's Poulterer's Companion.*

A SECRET WORTH KNOWING.—I tried rather a curious experiment with a few potatoes this season. Some twelve months since I saw a letter from a farmer stating the great success that had attended an experiment the writer had made in the previous season. It consisted in inserting a pea in each potato set, and planting the potato in the usual way. The result, he stated, was a large yield of peas and a splendid crop of potatoes; but the most important result was the entire freedom of the potatoes so treated from any disease, while all those planted in the usual way in the same field were extensively deteriorated. I was led by this statement to try the experiment on a small scale in my own garden this season. I planted not quite half-a-peck, only fifty sets, in six ranks, cutting a piece out of each, and putting a pea firmly in. The peas grew up and flourished well, and last week I dug the potatoes. They were perfectly free from the slightest taint or speck of disease, and very fine and large; while in the same bed close to them was another lot planted in the old style, nearly half of which were rotten. I leave your readers to draw their own conclusions.—*Letter in the Agricultural Gazette.*

☞ Men of genius are often dull amidst commonplace society, as the blazing meteor when it descends to earth is only a stone.

SHEEP.—The proper management of sheep is a matter of very great importance to the farmer. He may procure the best breeds, and yet a bad location and bad management may soon destroy them. They require, high, dry upland, and soft water. If confined to a low, damp soil, and limy water, the wool becomes coarse, the sprightliness of the animal is lost, disease follows, and it dwindles down into a mere apology for a sheep—and a poor apology too. Lime soils, and lime water, are injurious to them, as, by absorbing or destroying the oil in the wool, it renders the fibre harsh and brittle.

The plants, too, in such soil, are strongly impregnated with lime, and the water hard, which soon produces roughness and disease of the skin. Over abundance of food, too, is injurious to them. It will increase the quantity, length, and bulk of wool, but injure the quality. Ruta bagas, in large quantities, will increase the weight of the carcass, but injure the texture of the wool. Let the land on which they are kept be high, dry, destitute as far as possible of lime, liberally supplied with sulphur, the grass short and sweet, and the flocks will amply repay.—*Ohio Farmer.*

TO DESTROY CANADA THISTLES.—I have destroyed them in the following manner: The large patches I ploughed early in the spring, and cross-ploughed before the thistles made their appearance, and so continued to do until they disappeared entirely, which was about three months, I believe. The smaller patches I cover with old straw about eighteen inches deep, and turn the straw thoroughly once in about ten days, in order to keep the thistles under. They should not be allowed to show themselves above the straw, nor grow up far into it. This method, if well attended to, will destroy them in about two months. I think the best time to apply the straw is when they are about six inches high. By so doing they are dropped to a horizontal position, and are not likely to grow, and the top becoming sickly and souring, weakens the root.

Another method which I have tried on several small patches with good success, is, salt, say half a handful to each thistle. Stamp the thistle down to the ground, and drop the salt upon it. My experience with Canada Thistles was in Western New York. We are not troubled with that pest in Michigan.—*Genesee Farmer.*

SALTING PORK.—It is important to have the pork well cooled before salting, and it should not remain unsalted very long after cooling. It should never be allowed to freeze. It should always have a great supply of salt, and of the strongest quality, and brine should be made and poured into the barrel. For if nothing but water is put in with the salt the pork may be injured before the salt is melted enough to make good brine. The meat should have a weight upon it to keep it under the brine; for if pieces of meat are permitted to rise above the brine, and remain there for any considerable time, they will be tainted and will not taste sweet, as well-salted meat always will. A wooden cover is often used to keep the meat under the brine, but a stone cover is better. A hole may be drilled in a stone cover and a handle inserted at a very small cost. Agitation of the pork barrel daily will have the effect of preventing the accumulation of scum on the surface, or it may be skimmed off as soon as it rises.

FODDER—OATS.—One of the most wasteful practices in regard to fodder, is the present practice of cutting and feeding oats. They are usually allowed to stand till ripe, and the stalk yellow, and then cut, threshed, and the straw, of little value, used for bedding, or litter. If oats are cut when a little green, and then well cured, the straw is the very best of fodder. Feed oats, thus cut and cured in the sheaf, to horses, and they will eat the straw in preference to hay; and a farmer saves the trouble and expense of threshing, and his oat-straw is worth as much as its weight of the best of hay. It is far better to be thus fed to horses than to feed them shelled oats and hay. To be good, however, it should be cut before quite ripe, and then well cured, so as to prevent must. By this course, he loses none of his oats by shelling, and converts his straw into the best of fodder.—*Ohio Farmer.*

MODEST.—At a sale of paintings at Horncastle, the portrait of Archibald, Duke of Argyle, was offered, and in answer to an inquiry how a small injury to the canvas had happened, the auctioneer related the following anecdote:

"The portrait had been hung in a bedroom, which was on the occasion occupied by a female domestic. The girl fancying that the Duke of Argyle eyed her too closely one morning, became indignant, and, seizing a poker, aimed a blow with the intent of putting the Duke's eye out. The poker missed the eye, but perforated the canvas close to the face."

ANECDOTE OF KEAN.—In connection with Mr. C. Kean's peculiar power of illustrating madness, the following anecdote may be read with interest:

When very young, he had heard or read the story of Garrick witnessing, from the opposite side of the street in which he lived, an old man dangling his grandchild affectionately in his arms near the window, when the infant made a sudden spring, and fell into the area below, being instantly killed. The grandfather stood transfixed, struck on the instant with hopeless lunacy, and ever after became the inmate of a mad-house. Garrick was in the habit of acting the entire scene, in private, for amusement.

Charles Kean used to relate the story, in company, and then retire for a moment, to represent the maniac on his return. On one particular evening, he had presented this picture with powerful effect, and nearly all present overpowered him with the highest compliments. "You must have studied madness very closely," said they, "to reflect it so faithfully." "Yes," he answered, "it is a subject I have often considered, and have visited for the purpose many lunatic asylums, but I have never yet been able, as I wished, to inspect the greatest of all—Bedlam. Somehow or other, I never could get an order for admission." "Sir," said an elderly medical gentleman, who had hitherto remained silent, "you have only to stand at the gate a moment or two, looking as you have just now done before me and this company, and they will let you in on the instant—but I'll be hanged if you *ever get out again!*"

☞ An old woman caught a flashy young man picking her pocket at Toledo. She made a hullaballoo, and he joined, after asking, "What is the matter, mother?" Before people found that he was not her son, he had vamoosed beyond danger.

Useful Receipts.

FOR A COUGH.—An excellent remedy for a cough caused by a common cold, is as follows: take ½ pint of sharp vinegar, place in it an egg without being broken, allow it to remain forty-eight hours, when it will be found that the shell has been completely dissolved by the acid; then break up the egg in the vinegar, add half a pint of honey, which being well mixed, will be ready for use. Take a spoonful for a dose several times a day. It is said that it never has failed to produce relief.

TO PREPARE RENNET.—One gallon of poor whey is boiled some time with a handful of salt and a little saltpetre; the solution is then strained, and when it has cooled to the temperature of new milk (98 deg. Fah.,) four large maws (the stomach of calves) are put into it—the whole is placed in a covered jar, and may be used after standing fourteen days. The quantity of this solution will be from four to five fluid ounces for a cheese of thirty pounds; two jars of prepared rennet should be kept, to be used alternately. The skins may be re-salted, and dried, to be used again the following year. This is the Cheshire plan. In Gloucestershire a strong brine is boiled, and when cold, to every two gallons four maws are added, with two lemons, and the liquid, after standing a month or two, is fit for use, at the rate of about half a pint to thirty gallons of milk.

In the dairy districts of the State of New York the stomach is emptied of its contents without scraping or rinsing, salted and dried, and kept for one year. It is then soaked for twenty-four hours in tepid water, a gallon of water to each rennet. They should be frequently rubbed and pressed, to get out all the strength. The liquor containing the soluble rennet, is then saturated with salt, allowed to settle, and strained to separate the sediment and all impurities. It is then fit for use. It should be kept in a stone jar, and in a cool place. As much of the liquor is used each morning as will set the cheese firm in forty minutes.—*Genesee Farmer.*

TO HARDEN LARD FOR CANDLES.—For 12 lbs. lard, take 1 lb. alum and 1 do. of saltpetre—dissolve the alum and saltpetre in a little water—mix the lard and water, or put them together over a fire, and boil till the water is all boiled out. It must be stirred while boiling to get the alum and saltpetre mixed with the lard. There will be some sediment at the bottom.

For tallow I should think one-third the above would be a plenty to harden the softest tallow; but any one can tell by trying a little at first. If this is not enough, add more.—C. F. W. *in Country Gentleman.*

TO RESTORE CRAPE.—When a drop of water falls on a black crape veil or collar it leaves a conspicuous white mark. To obliterate this, spread the crape on a table (laying on it a large book or a paper weight to keep it steady) and place underneath the stain a piece of old black silk. With a large camel-hair brush dipped in common ink go over the stain; and then wipe off the ink with a bit of old soft silk. It will dry immediately and the white mark will be seen no more.

MEXICAN CURE FOR HEADACHE.—Proper diet and exercise, cheerfulness of mind, and agreeable social intercourse, will do more towards regulating the stomach and bowels in those predisposed to this dreadful pain, than any plan of medical treatment which can be suggested. However, vinegar bandages, applied to the temples and forehead, give great relief. Mr. Thompson, a traveller in Mexico, describes an efficacious remedy used there. The head must be bent down on the side from which the pain proceeds, whilst a teaspoonful of rum, or any other spirit, is introduced into the ear. The patient should then remain quiet till the pain subsides, which is usually in three or four minutes. This I have tried myself and derived great benefit from it on more than one occasion.

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—1 oz. Oil Rosemary, 1 oz. Oil Cloves, 1 oz. Oil Origanum, 1 oz. Spirits Turpentine, 1 oz. Spirits Ammonia, 1 oz. Tincture Cantharides, 1 oz. Alcohol. Mix in a light glass-stopper bottle, and shake up when used. Heat a saucer on embers, pour a little in the saucer, and rub it on the part affected, with the hand, previously warmed by the fire, so as to encourage absorption. Also said to be very good for sick headache.

A CEMENT FOR STOPPING THE FISSURES OF IRON VESSELS.—Take two ounces of muriate of ammonia, one ounce of flowers of sulphur, and sixteen ounces of cast-iron filings or turnings: mix them well in a mortar, and keep the powder dry. When the cement is wanted, take one part of this and twenty parts of clean iron filings or borings, grind them together in a mortar, mix them with water to a proper consistence, and apply them between the joints.

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 36 letters.
My 12, 14, 18, 14, 20, was an ancient lawgiver.
My 20, 22, 27, 26, was a Roman King.
My 27, 20, 29, 25, 30, 31, was a President of the United States.
My 2, 5, 6, 14, 20, 16, 22, 23, was a Grecian philosopher.
My 30, 34, 33, 33, 32, 33, was a General in the American Revolution.
My 8, 11, 12, 12, was an explorer of the South Pole.
My 1, 6, 8, 8, 7, 20, was a noted Statesman of the Emerald Isle.
My 2, 16, 18, 31, 21, was a divine who fought at the battle of Bennington.
My 30, 3, 18, 6, 7, 20, was an American poet.
My 30, 33, 35, 36, 10, 33, 14, was an astronomer.
My 6, 14, 6, 31, 7, 11, was a French General banished from his country.
My 2, 20, 30, 31, 36, 14, was a great artist.
My 6, 14, 8, 31, was Lord Chancellor of England.
My 1, 2, 6, 3, 18, 12, 22, 23, was a dictator of Rome.
My 14, 15, 23, 10, 20, 14, was Duke of Allyria.
My 8, 14, 15, 23, 30, 36, 10, was a great musician.
My 30, 31, 33, 33, 32, 33, is a historian.
My 6, 17, 20, 7, 13, 17, was a princess distinguished for her heroism in the French Revolution.
My whole was a Roman General.

Blakesburg. LITTLE TARPET.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 1, 14, 7, everybody does.
My 2, 6, 3, 10, 1, is one of the United States.
My 3, 17, is a conjunction.
My 4, 22, 15, 1, is what sailors dislike.
My 5, 8, 7, 1, is a ceremony.
My 6, 20, 11, is a well-known insect.
My 7, 14, 19, 1, is a weed.
My 8, 20, is a preposition.
My 9, 17, 17, is an adverb.
My 10, 6, 11, is an adverb.
My 11, 9, is a preposition.
My 12, 20, 1, is a number.
My 13, 22, 10, 1, is used by gentlemen.
My 14, 5, 1, is a neuter verb.
My 15, 16, 15, 22, 13, is a beautiful tree.
My 16, 19, 9, 20, is a kind of metal.
My 17, 3, 4, is a kind of fruit.
My 18, 5, 1, is a poisonous substance.
My [illegible] 10, 4, is worn by ladies.
My 20, 6, 10, 1, is a number.
My 21, 5, 6, is a proper name.
My 22, 16, 5, is absolutely necessary to existence.
My whole is a very exciting theme at times throughout the United States.

Marshall, Ill. M. P. M.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 46 letters.
My 40, 21, 7, 31, 15, is a celebrated English poet.
My 45, 29, 16, is a domestic animal.
My 44, 17, 3, 45, is a river in Egypt.
My 9, 11, 5, 20, 14, is a necessary house article.
My 4, 21, 26, 8, is one of our States.
My 12, 7, 10, 41, 42, 34, 23, is a town noted for a battle of the American Revolution.
My 27, 6, 30, 17, 39, 13, 7, 43, 23, 2, is a sweet-smelling flower, the emblem of intoxication with pleasure.
My 1, 22, 19, 45, 27, is one of the languages.
My 33, 4, 14, 7, 45, 19, was a President of the United States.
My 27, 41, 9, is a poor dwelling.
My 5, 22, 20, is a conjunction.
My 33, 6, 30, 3, is an adverb.
My 30, 17, 45, 27, 16, is a small sailing boat.
My 18, 14, 7, 37, 4, is a French musician.
My whole is a maxim worth remembering. G.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When Sol with bright and dazzling beams
Had gone below the rippling wave,
My first then came with noble dreams,
To half the world repose it gave.

The traveller, weary, faint and worn,
Flods slowly on his way,
And stops at my second to rest till morn,
From the heat of sun by day.

The mariner, out upon the wave,
Sees darkness cloud the sky,
Prepares the crew his ship to save,
He knows my last is nigh.

At eve when all are hushed and still,
And birds have gone to rest,
My whole is heard both loud and shrill,
Which I hope you all have guessed.

Pittsburg, Pa. L. A. M.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first's a word you oft have heard
Which equality does signify;
My second's used in bloody war,
Where brave men fight and often die.

Up in the sky my third you'll descry,
When the air is warm and clear;
My whole the ladies often use,
When the summer-time is here.

Warren, Vt. HARP.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first's an article that's used
By folks throughout the nation;
My second is considered naught,
And hath no valuation;
My whole, if history tells us true,
Was a tyrant, bold and cruel too.

GAHMEW

ANAGRAMS ON NAMES OF EUROPEAN CITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Lest Pin Cannot.	Poor Ville.
More.	Cow-Car.
Rock.	Has Net.
Sell Vie.	Gust Dart.
Red Jens.	Harm Bug.

Carlisle Co., Ind. OLD ADAMS

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An auger hole being made through a sphere 25 inches in diameter, was found to contain 98.125 of its solid contents. Required, the diameter of the auger hole?

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why ought not California to have been admitted as a State? Ans.—Because the inhabitants are nearly *miners*.

☞ What mother has the fairest and richest daughter? Ans.—Mother of Pearl.

☞ Why is an overloaded gun like an office-holder? Ans.—Because it kicks mightily when it is *discharged*.

☞ What wind does a hungry sailor like? Ans.—One that blows foul (fowl), and then chops, then comes in little puffs.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Edward Everett. ANATOMICAL ENIGMA.—Doctor Henry Mettle, Professor of Anatomy, Physiology, &c., in Central High School, of Philadelphia. RIB. Dome. (Dee, Orange, Martyn, Edict.) CHARADE.—Copenhagen (Co, pen. hay gen.) RIDDLE.—Cadet. ANAGRAMS.—Thomas, Rutherford, Montgomery, Rappahannock, Logan, Albermarle. GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.—Width, 12 Inches. Depth, 4 Inches.

☞ Men of a lively turn and generous heart should be born to fortunes; gain them the kingdom will.